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EGYPT.

A Seatonian Prize Poem.

BY THE

REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, M.A.,

LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

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“THE REV. THOMAS SEATON, M.A., late Fellow of Clare Hall, bequeathed to the University (in 1738) the rents of his Kislingbury estate, now producing clear £40. per annum, to be given yearly to that Master of Arts who shall write the best English Poem on a sacred subject. The Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare Hall, and the Greek Professor (who are the disposers of this premium), determine the subject, which is delivered out in January, and the Poem is to be sent to the Vice-Chancellor on or before the 29th of September following. The Poem is to be printed, and the expense deducted out of the product of the estate: the remainder is given as a reward to the composer.”

Cambridge, November 2nd, 1858.

The above PREMIUM was this year awarded to the Reverend
JOHN MASON NEALE, M.A., *of Trinity College.*

HENRY PHILPOTT, *Vice-Chancellor.*

EDWARD ATKINSON, *Master of Clare College.*

W. HEPWORTH THOMPSON, *Greek Professor.*

941265

EGYPT.

1.

A MIDNIGHT, such as ne'er before
Was writ on history's page;
To be proclaimed from shore to shore,
And sung from age to age!
Along each dim historic line
Of giant statues, half divine,
That lead toward the midmost shrine
Of Egypt's sleeping kings,
A fierce, wild gleam is on the air;
The tramp of gathering hosts is there; 10
The torch glows out with murky glare,
And over many a forming square
Unearthly radiance flings.
For not with banner, not with shout,
No warrior's pomp nor pride,
At midnight did the LORD go out,
And Egypt's first-born died!

2.

O past the power of human speech,
Past utterance of the song to teach,—
How those granitic temples rise 20
And gloom athwart the quiet skies;
The moon, a pale and sickly disk,

Looks down upon each obelisk,
 And throws a shadow, gaunt and dim,
 O'er lines of kingly Anakim:
 O'er human pomp and human pride,
 And human passions deified:
 All so unearthly, all so vast,
 All breathing of the mighty past.
 Here is the chieftain's latest bed 30
 Of old heroic story;
 The monarch, midst the monarch-dead,
 Reposes in his glory.

3.

But not with warrior's pomp and boast
 They marshal now, the midnight host:
 Far as the plots of verdure smile
 Down the green valley of the Nile,
 No cot, but on the midnight gale
 Pours out its grief, lifts up its wail; 40
 None, where the hot tear is not shed
 Upon the loved and first-born dead.
 In vain, poor mother, dost thou strive
 To keep that little spark alive:
 The LORD of Life, the LORD of Death
 Claims, for no fault of thine, his breath.
 It is that Egypt may be bent
 Before the King omnipotent:
 It is that Pharaoh's chiefs may own
 Jehovah GOD, and Him alone.
 In vain to strive, in vain to flee 50
 Thy king's resistless Foe:
 'I reckon not of the LORD,' said he,
 'And Israel shall not go:'

The nation quails before the stroke
 The monarch's madness dared provoke.

4.

Oh vainly warned! when Nile's great flood
 Rolled,—miracle of fear!—with blood:
 When league past league, on either shore,
 Came ripples, thick with clotted gore,
 As if in vengeance on their foes 60
 The murdered innocents arose.
 Oh who may paint that fearful sky
 When clouds grew dark, and winds grew high,
 The day when threatened judgment came
 In sheets of mingled hail and flame!
 Upon the tender crop it drove,
 That sleet of solid ice;
 It shattered, in the idol-grove,
 The gods of man's device:
 All through the cavern's dim profound 70
 Echoed that thunder's mighty sound;
 And pealed and pealed again its roar
 Through sepulchre and corridor.
 Oh fearful judgment from on high
 With unresisted sway!
 The LORD is fighting from on high
 Against the sons of clay.

5.

Day comes again: but such a morn
 From Eastern clouds was never born,
 As when, from Afric's torrid sand, 80
 The desert-swarms, a monster band,
 Came pouring o'er that cursed land,

That miserable race:¹
 With eyes that sparkled living fire,
 Monsters unknown and portents dire,
 Came hurrying on apace.
 Such visions, in the dead of night,
 Crowd o'er the sick man's aching sight,
 And, as he longs for morning light,
 In feverish dreams have place. 90
 O God, Whom all things serve alike,
 How many ways hast Thou to strike!
 How many means to overthrow
 And grind to dust Thy strongest foe!

6.

On Goshen's land the morning broke
 In light, and life, and beauty;
 And blithely Goshen's sons awoke
 To toil in that day's duty:
 Upon the ripples of the Nile
 The Eastern sunbeams twinkled; 100
 And from the pasture-land the while
 The merry sheep-bells tinkled;
 In all its glory flowed along
 The old majestic river;
 And thanks arose in prayer and song,
 To that day's LORD and Giver:
 The voice of children at the tank,—
 The shout of honest labour,—
 The feet that turned the water-crank

¹ Reference is made to the tradition of the Jews, corroborated by the Book of Wisdom, (xvi. 3) that the *swarms* of Exod. viii. 20 were swarms of *beasts*, not of *flies*.

Cheered up by pipe and tabor: 110
The work goes on, the sport proceeds
So gaily and so brightly;
No insect skims, o'er water-weeds,
More merrily and lightly.

7.

Anguish, terror, woe and error,
Over Zoan's people shed:
Desolation fills the nation,
'Tis a city of the dead;
All is fearful, all is lonely;
Darkness, utter darkness only! 120
Darkness, ink-like, pitchy darkness,
Darkness making hearts to melt;
Awful darkness, outer darkness,
Darkness such as may be felt.
Nature's self seems past and o'er,
Darkness, darkness evermore.

10.

O hardened heart, that still provokes
The Great Avenger's ceaseless strokes!
The terror of nine plagues is past:
And yet remains the worst and last. 130
One fate on palace and on hall,
On cottage and on shed:
The firstborn stay and hope of all
In one great night lies dead!
Such night as never was before,
Such night as never shall be more.
Now Israel's ransomed tribes may go,
Themselves thrust out in Egypt's woe:

GOD bids: the mighty East wind blows
 The Red sea wave to sever; 140
 —This morn may ye behold your foes,—
 But not again for ever!

11.

I tell not now the glorious night
 That saw Jeshurun's victor-flight:
 How on each side the sea stood high
 A rampart, azure as the sky:
 Above,—the light waves rippling hoary,—
 Beneath,—that wall's crystalline glory.
 Six hundred thousand chosen men 150
 Entered, at eve, that horrid glen:
 The cloudy pillar went before,
 The LORD's sure guide from shore to shore:
 While frenzied now, but unsubdued,
 All Egypt, man and horse, pursued.
 Nor tell I how, as on they wind,
 At midnight came the cloud behind,
 And cast unutterable woe
 Of terror on the advancing foe:
 And poured a radiance calm and bright 160
 O'er Israel, as on festal night.
 The monarch's heart with terror reels,
 Shrink back in awe the brave:
 The LORD struck off their chariot wheels
 That heavily they drave:
 Then, echoed by the stone-like sea,
 Rose the wild outcry,—'Let us flee!'
 Too late! too late! O man of GOD,
 Stretch out once more the mystic rod!
 In vain they bend their backward way, 170

In vain retreat endeavour;
 Them Israel may behold to-day,
 But not again for ever.

12.

The battle hath been fought and won;
 The LORD hath dealt the blow:
 And gladly towards the rising sun
 The ransomed people go:
 And many a year and many an age
 Sweeps over Zoan's heritage,
 And many a chief of fame is hid 180
 Within the awful pyramid;
 But still, through circling times, the priests
 Serve ancient gods with ancient feasts;
 And worship still with honour due
 Osiris and his demon crew.
 Meanwhile Judæa's prophet-lays
 Foretel their fall in coming days;
 And Mede and Persian from afar
 Cry on the chace and urge the war
 With battle-axe and scymetar 190
 'Gainst Egypt's rites divine:
 Down with the giant forms of old,
 Monarch and god together rolled:
 Nor spoil of gems, nor bribe of gold,
 Can save each idol-shrine.
 Morning may rise with purple wings;
 But never more shall float
 The sound which sun-touched Memnon flings,
 That sweet mysterious note:
 For shrine and temple are defaced 200
 In undistinguishable waste.

13.

Let those who list it, rather sing
 The pride of Egypt's second spring:
 When buried learning rose again,
 And poets struck the venal strain;
 And girt with many a princely quay
 Fair Alexandria ruled the sea;
 Until her merchant flag was furled
 Before the Empress of the world:
 And Egypt felt the destined fate 210
 A patriarch's voice had spoke;
 And stooping from her princely state
 Received a victor's yoke:
 Long had that doom been writ above,
 When all the world was lost for love.

14.

I rather turn from scenes like this
 To Him Whose woe hath wrought our bliss:
 Who left that high eternal throne
 To share our mortal lot:
 And when He came amidst His own 220
 His own received Him not.
 For not alone in Canaan's land
 His blessed Footsteps trod:
 But Egypt's old benighted strand
 Received the coming God.
 No herald hastened to proclaim
 And blaze abroad His mighty name;
 No gathering crowds did honour meet,
 And bowed them down before His Feet;
 An Infant snatched from blood and strife 230
 Seeks for the exile's wretched life:

But never yet did nation bring
 Such welcome to a victor king.¹
 He passed the boundary of the Land—
 She knew her Sovereign well:
 In every shrine from strand to strand
 The idol reel'd and fell:
 Their reign is o'er, their work is done:
 'From Egypt have I called My Son!'

15.

Arm of the LORD that wast mighty of yore, 240
 What! is the day of thy victories o'er?
 Egypt and Egypt's innumerable force,
 Monarch and warrior, rider and horse,
 Dared in the steps of Thy people to tread,—
 Sank in the mighty abysses as lead!
 Fiercer than Pharaoh the monarch that now
 Bids to his idols Thine Israel bow:
 Come to their succour, O GOD, as of old!²
 Wilt Thou not fight for the sheep of Thy fold?
 Let not him, counting our gain to be loss, 250
 Spurn at the Monarch Who died on the Cross:
 GOD of all victory! rise and lay low
 As in the days of past ages, the foe!

16.

He wills not, as in other days,
 Such trophies of His might to raise:
 Another war must now be tried,

¹ Allusion is made to the legend that, when our Lord entered the land of Egypt, every idol fell prostrate in its temple.

² The following lines refer to the Tenth Persecution, which raged, perhaps, with greater fury in Egypt, than in any other part of the world.

O follower of the Crucified!
 This is the triumph thou must win,
 To suffer, rather than to sin.
 All pangs to bear, all woes to dare, 260
 To yield thy lingering breath,
 And with the SON of GOD to share
 The highest victory, Death!

17.

Thou canst not, impotent of heart,
 Tax as thou wilt thy demon-art,
 So much inflict, as, be thou sure,
 A Christian Martyr will endure.
 Go! bid the theatre be deck'd
 As for a festal day,—
 And try thou, if the LORD's elect 270
 Thy mandate will obey:
 Go! summon round the Cæsar's Throne
 Thy chosen ones to bend;
 The GOD of Hosts is with His own,
 And will be to the end.
 Command each cursed engine near,—
 A woman shews no woman's fear;
 The child a sea of pain may stem
 For that eternal diadem:
 They well may shame and woe despise 280
 Who have a mansion in the skies.

18.

The legend was told in the days of old,
 How the fifty wise men met;
 And in strength divine, Saint Katherine
 Was before the tribunal set.

And she spake of the gods, (if gods they be,
 Whom we neither may love nor fear,)
 That have eyes indeed, but cannot see,
 That have ears but cannot hear:
 And their power and their hate we may well contemn
 Who can neither do good nor ill; 291
 And they that make them are like to them,
 In spite of their boasted skill:
 How the Cæsar raged at his own defeat,
 And called for the flame and the steel;
 And bade them bind her hands and feet
 Upon the tormenting wheel;
 But the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled,
 By the GOD of judgment sent,
 And the fire descended, as once of old, 300
 And the wheel in pieces rent;
 And beautiful angels came down from on high,
 As in death she calmly lay,
 And bare her corpse to Mount Sinai
 In Arabia far away:
 And they laid her within the rock-hewn cave,
 For the days of her strife were o'er:
 And the church that arose above that grave
 Shall be famous evermore!

19.

Thus saith the legend that we deem 310
 A lovely and a pious dream;
 But this I doubt not—Angels' love
 Conveys them from the realm above,
 To succour those who nobly die
 A sacrifice to GOD on high:
 And doubly glorious, doubly blest
 Are they who take the martyr's rest.

20.

Yes: and with many a martyr's fate
 Was Egypt's country dedicate.¹
 They fled to many a cave and den, 320
 To many a waste and wild;
 They trod in many an unknown glen,
 —The mother and her child:
 And then they laid them down to sleep
 The sleep that hath no ending;
 And there were none to wail and weep
 Beside their bed attending:
 The lip of infants vainly pressed
 And marvelled at the clay-cold breast,
 Until the soul, so free from stain, 330
 So loving and so tender,
 That dear, dear mother joined again
 In heaven's eternal splendour.

21.

O day of woe! O fearful loss
 When to the Cresecent bowed the Cross!
 When Islam's swarms spread far and wide
 Where Athanasius toiled and died;
 And bade the foul impostor teach
 Where Cyril's lips were wont to preach.
 From Europe pour'd, in endless tide, 340
 The followers of the Crucified,
 And three times battling, three times foiled,
 At length for Zoan's land they toiled.

¹ For the multitude of those who fled into the desert from the Egyptian persecution, and there perished, see *Eusebius*, II. E. viii. 13.

They marshall 'neath the saintly king
 Who rules his happy France;¹
 It is a glorious gathering
 Of pennon and of lance :
 So brave and loving is that soul,
 So noble in its self-control,
 So snowy pure, that it may be 350
 Well emblemed by its fleur-de-lys.
 And Islam's sons are gathering fast,
 And Islam's shout is on the blast ;
 And Almoadan's royal brow
 With fear and woe is furrowed now :
 And either chief his battle sets
 In front of Cairo's minarets.

22.

The long, long day went wearily ;
 The long, long night went drearily :
 Upon each tent, from the hot sky sent, 360
 The sunbeams fell intensely :
 Above the camp the evening damp
 And fever-fog rose densely :
 With the stagnant wave the canal was foul
 That the Christian army bounded ;
 And at night the screech of the sad screech-owl
 O'er the Christian army sounded :
 When the sun went down o'er the waste of brown,
 In mingled sand and cloud,
 There were forms, men said, of woe and dread, 370
 Of coffin and hearse and shroud :

¹ Reference is made to the Crusade of S. Louis, and its admirable description by the Sieur de Joinville.

Then stalked the plague from tent to tent
 Throughout the Christian armament:
 A plague by fetid marshes sown,
 A plague by human skill unknown,
 A plague that sapped, by slow decay,
 Each power of life and soul away:
 And bred, where'er its anguish ran,
 Corruption in the living man.

23.

O king! The King of kings denies 380
 That Cairo's towers shall be thy prize:
 This be thy triumph,—to endure
 Unmoved, thy tribulations;
 This be thy victory,—to ensure
 God's own blest crown of patience:
 Unsway'd by proffered rope or sword,
 Unless the Prophet be adored;
 By threat of torture vainly tried
 Except thou spurn the Crucified.
 Think not the foe can e'er prevail, 390
 Albeit as victor greeted;
 Think not, although thy battles fail,
 That thou canst be defeated!

24.

In westering clouds the sun is hid;
 Eve gathers round the pyramid:
 The twilight flings a parting smile
 Upon the broad and glorious Nile:
 The sunset breezes rise, and shed
 Soft music from the palm-tree's head;
 And one light boat with sail and oar 400
 Hath crossed the stream and gained the shore.

—Yes: nowhere else can evening cast
Such great reflections of the past,
As where she glimmered round the path
Of Joseph and of Asenath;
Bade Israel's children cease from toil,
Or saw them rich with Pharaoh's spoil.
—'Tis gone and o'er. I would the strain
That hath call'd up the past again,
And told of that Almighty Hand
So oft stretched out on Zoan's strand,
And tried, too boldly, to relate
Each change and chance of human fate,
Were worthier, land of GOD! to be
A record of the past and thee!

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*A further Prize of Twenty Pounds was adjudged to the
following Poem by the same writer.*

EGYPT.

MONARCH of ages, the First and the Last, Whose measureless vision
Joining the Past and the Future in one, (where as infinite rivers,
Here, in a moment of time, their two eternities mingle,) *This*
by Thy Saints hast writ, and that by Thy Prophets foretellest;
Oh what a moment of time, what a brief-told span of existence
Thou hast appointed for man! Though he mete out the path of the comet,
Measure the depths of the sea, and number the stars of the heaven,
Triumph o'er time, and annihilate space! If his years Thou hast shortened
Since their duration at first, 'twas not harshly, O God, nor severely;—
Who in the passage to Life, (for what is this life but a passage
Out of the storm into calm, to our own dear Country from exile,
Into the region of joy from the kingdom of sorrow,) would linger?
There is the goal of our race, the reward and the end of our contest;
There is the happy array of the souls made perfect through suffering:
There is the realm where tempests are not,—where Paradise blossoms,
Where God's Noon is eternal, and God's own Spring everlasting.
Oh how they beckon us on,—those former and earthly companions
Who have put off the corruptible now, and assumed the eternal,—
Oh how they call us away from this earth's poor lures and enticements,
Perishing when at the brightest, no sooner enjoyed than departed!
This is the voice of their love, as they point to the infinite future,
—"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the First Resurrection!"

Yet would I fain,—(for autumnal repose and the glory of sunset
Call back the years that are gone in thoughts not gloomy but solemn,)
Now that, a monarch in death, the great sun draws to his setting,
Decking the earth with his beauty and kindling the sky with his splendour,
Fain would I turn to the realm of the past; that marvellous kingdom
Where, when the midnight shall come, this day, now dying in beauty,
Shall, in the grave of years, be written for ever and ever.—
What is the line of monarchs that, far as can history venture,
Looms on th' horizon, a band so ghost-like and shadowy—monarchs
Passing in godlike array athwart the shadows that cradle
Time in his awful departure from out of eternity's bosom?
Mighty indeed that race, and mighty its memories, rising
In the green vale of the Nile, the dead midst the living around them:
Temples august in their granite, and calm great obelisks, soaring
Up from the earth and its din, and statues, huge and majestic,
Statues of deified monarchs, or king-like gods, may I name them?
There is his last long sleep, the Chief and the Priest and the Father,
Heart of the shrine and its worship: himself in cornice and passage,
Trampling the proud in his wrath, or raising the meek in his mercy:
There in the pillar sublime, the lawgiver seated in judgment
Executes justice for all: there lastly, as earth is departing,
Gently received by the gods as a god, was his earthly entombment.
Spring should come down on the fields, and summer should fade into autumn,
Thousand fold thousands of times, (so intended the skill of the builder;)
While, in the midst of the shrine, undisturbed, untended, decayless,
Sleeping the infinite sleep, the monarch reposed in his glory.
None should behold those walls, none gaze on the wild decorations,
Sacred to silence and night, till the king should awake from his slumbers,
Then, when the earth and sky should be mingled together in ruin.
Who hath o'erthrown those temples? Who scattered in measureless fragments

Idol, and pillar and sphinx, into heaps of eternal confusion,
 Dashing the statues of kings into grinning deformity, mingling
 Granite, and marble, and clay with the fierce wild sweep of a whirlwind?
 Tremble, ye idols of Egypt! The mighty avenger approaches:
 Tremble, ye priests of the stock and the stone; let them rise, let them save you,
 If they have ears for your prayers, if victims and hymns be availing!
 Where are the soldiers of yore? Let the long, long lines of the archers
 Stand in the front of the war; let them shoot, as they shot at Megiddo,¹
 When to the grave of his youth they hurried the ruler of Sion,
 Him that was faithful alone in a faithless and ill generation.
 Vainly they marshal for battle: the shout of the Mede and the Persian
 Daunting each spirit, and chilling each sense, grows louder and louder:
 Bel boweth down to his fate, and Nebo stoopeth to ruin.
 Laden with gold and with jewels the camels are treading the desert,
 Weary with those vast loads of capital, cornice and pillar,
 Destined to serve in the victor's abode. Hence, ruin on ruin;
 Hence, when the sun sinks low, and the purple and African desert
 Glows as the steel on the anvil,—the long slant rays of the sunbeam,
 Mournfully gilding the ruin, makes sadder the sad desolation.
 Music is hushed in those halls; the voice of the bride and the bridegroom
 Never shall echo again; no light of a candle shall glimmer;
 Beasts of the desert are there, and owls in their desolate places.
 Marvellous still is the scene, though its youth and its strength have departed:
 Man may pass by and his works, but the flow of the stream is eternal:²
 Cradled in silence, and lapped in obscurity, onward and onward
 Winding or forcing its way through dim and impassable mountains,

¹ 2 Chron. xxxv. 22, 23.

² immota labascunt:

Et quæ perpetuo sunt agitata, manent.

Janus Vitalis.

Peaks unknown and untrodden, mysterious Crophî and Mophî,¹
 Then, in convulsion and jar, with writhing and feverish waters,
 Struggling and panting along, where the cataract, wonderful portal,
 Opens its beautiful way through the fair green valley of Egypt.
 Egypt, unchanged and unchangeable land! since the days of thy glory
 Oh what mutation of earth, what rise and extinction of nations!
 There where the forest primeval was stretched, with the gnarl of its branches
 Shadowing acre on acre, a deep green ocean of verdure,
 Commerce hath wedded together the flame and the water, combining
 City and city in one; and with more than the speed of the lightning
 Darting, o'er mountain and vale, the thought and the word and the action.
 There, by the deep sea-shore, where was nought but the wearisome ripple,
 Hour after hour, of the wave, and the lonesome scream of the sea-gull,
 Now is the clang of the dock, the voice of the mallet and hammer,
 Clamping and clenching the planks that shall ride the queen of the ocean.
 Thou wast the same, O land of the past! thy obelisks pointed
 Up to the noontide sun,—thy sphinxes, in terrible beauty,
 Guarded the shrine and its gate, when Ishmael's merchantmen entered
 Bearing their spices and myrrh, and leading the captive and bondman,
 Him that was sold from the pit in the distant valley of Dothan.
 Strong in the strength of thy God, be faithful amidst the unfaithful;
 Bear yet awhile that dungeon! A mightier captive than thou art,
 Suffers in type with thee; He is taken from prison and judgment,
 Yet in the end to the throne, the eternal throne is exalted!

—Beautiful season of old, when down and valley and hillside
 Yielded a place for his flocks, while the great oak, stretching her branches
 Over the greensward round, was the Patriarch's home for a season.

¹ Herodotus, II. 28. μεταξὺ Συήνης τε πόλιος κείμενα τῆς Θηβαΐδος, δυνὸ οὐρεα, καὶ Ἐλεφαντίνης· οὐνοματὰ δὲ εἶναι τοῖσι οὐρεσι, τῷ μὲν, Κρῶφι, τῷ δέ, Μῶφι.

Here was the light tent pitch'd, the earth gave treasure of water :
 Here was the altar erected to God : while pastoral princes
 Came with their proffer of peace, and knelt at the shrine of El-Bethel.¹
 Now for awhile farewell to the plain of beautiful Canaan :
 God hath commanded, Advance ! O'er the earth the famine is raging ;
 Only in Zoan is food : and with visions of peace and of plenty
 Happier tidings arrive,—too happy at first for reception,
 ' Joseph is yet alive ; is alive, and is Lord over Egypt !'
 Bravely the brave old man goes forth with the tribes of the future :
 Casting his all upon God, Whose word is his light and his waymark
 Now, as in years long past : ' for certainly I will be with Thee ;
 ' I will go down with thy steps, and again will bring thee to Canaan.'
 Thus, when an evening of calm, succeeding the day of the tempest,
 Pours through the rifts of the clouds the marvellous glory of sunset,
 Gilding each hard dark edge, and melting the mist into silver,
 Then earth sends to the sky her great oblation of incense ;
 Sparkles the tree and the flower ; the birds chant gladly their Vespers ;
 Greener the green mead glows, more azure the blue of the æther :—
 Thus is the calm fair end of a life so chequered with chances.
 Now o'er the waste of the sand he beholds the pyramids gleaming ;
 Now is enwrapped in those dear, dear arms : now Goshen the happy,
 Goshen the best of the land, the home of the future, is round him.
 Year after year rolls on ; the little ones bloom into youthhood,
 Youth into man's ripe strength, and the full ripe vigour of manhood
 Melts into eld : while still, the Prince and the Priest of his people,
 Jacob awaits his call ; and expects the repose of the righteous.

When shall the time draw nigh,—the season of promise ? What chieftain
 Bursting the dungeon and loosing the chain, shall deliver Jeshurun ?

¹ Gen. xxxv. 7.

Arm of the LORD ! it is time to awake : the bondage is bitter,
 Heavy and sore is the yoke wherewith they burden Thy people !
 Is not Thine own word pledged, that years four hundred and thirty
 Rolling away, shall redeem thy flock ? O remember Thy promise ;
 Think of the Saints of the past : of the Saints, O GOD of the living,
 Dwelling with Thee in the peace of Thy home, and deliver their children !

Oh what a night was that, what a night to be ever recorded,
 When from the seat of the LORD went forth the Mandate of Judgment !
 When the eternal Word,¹ as a warrior armed for the slaughter,
 Leapt from his throne and stood on the earth, but reached to the heaven !
 Death in the courts of the palace, and death in the hut of the bondman :
 Everywhere, everywhere, death. The sad low wail of the firstborn
 Hangs on the midnight air, while the pitiless angel of sorrow
 Stays not and knows not to spare. No avail in the skill of physician ;
 Vain is the prayer of devotion, and vain the voice of affection.
 But, in the LORD's own land, with the LORD's own people, is gladness,
 Where the mysterious blood is sprinkled on lintel and doorpost,
 Warding the stroke of death. They eat the mystical supper,
 Standing, and sandalled, and hasty of mien, and girt for departure.
 (So, when the world and its deeds shall be o'er, when the angel of judgment
 Summons the quick and the dead, woe ! woe ! where the Paschal oblation
 Hath not besprinkled each soul,—thence writ with the reprobate people !)
 —Now there is forming of lines, and the blast of the trumpet at midnight ;
 Torches glare out in the streets ; they marshal by tribes and by houses :
 Borrow ye jewels of gold, saith the LORD, and jewels of silver ;
 As she hath spoil'd, so let her be spoil'd : oppress the oppressor :
 Gather the double of all, in the hour of her just retribution.
 Hurriedly sweeps the array, where the voice of the ruler directs it,

¹ Wisdom xviii. 15, 16.

Billow on billow, instinct with life : still onward and onward
Take they the desolate way of the wild, by Succoth and Etham.
Who shall protect them now ? The chariots and horses of Egypt
Thunder behind, and the deep is before, and the wail of the trumpet,
Prancing of steeds, and shout of the foe, wax louder and louder.
Then from the throne of God, that Throne, where the weary have refuge,
Where in the midst of distress there is calm, the mandate was uttered,
Mandate not uttered alone that day for the exiles of Judah,
But to all ages addressed, and to all generations, Go forward !
Forward, when all seems lost, when the cause looks utterly hopeless ;
Forward, when brave hearts fail, and to yield is the rede of the coward ;
Forward, when friends fall off, and enemies gather around thee ;
Thou, though alone with thy God, though alone in thy courage, go forward !
Nothing it is with Him to redeem by few or by many :
Help, though deferred, shall arrive ; ere morn the night is at darkest.

Oh what a wonderful sight, as the wild sea, hither and thither
Piled itself up, and was raised in a heap ! A horror of gladness
Thrilled through the host, as on this side and that the obedient water
Stood like an adamant wall, with a dark, deep valley below it :
Valley, where coralline trees stretched out their branches of beauty.
But on each face of the wall, so glassy and golden together,
Now (for it drew to the eve) were the westering sunbeams reflected.
Yea, in what marvellous tints, through the very abyss of the ocean,
Struck they and pierced they and lingered ! What hues of crimson and jasper
Shaded away, or commingling, led onward and onward the vision
Into the far sea depth ! what soft and violet pulses
Quivered away through the mass, instinct with glory and splendour !
Marvels unknown and unpraised till then : for never had Nature
Opened the sea-nymph's hall, and revealed the palace of ocean.
Tribes of the LORD, advance ! the pillar of cloud is before you !

Go, where your God shall lead !

And night hath come down in her blackness.

Only the deep tramp, tramp of the hosts, and the shout of the captains,
Neighing of steeds, and thunder of car. Now woman and childhood
Wearily, wearily drag their steps ; while fiercer and gladder,
Deeming the prey in their clutch, press on the thousands of Egypt.
Woe for the faint and the few ! When lo ! the pillary vapour,
Just as the midnight divides the departing day from the morrow,
Hitherto leading the van, now fearfully swoops to the rearward,
Right betwixt host and host. On Zoan ineffable terror
Poured from that horrible cloud, as its congregate masses of blackness
Swirl'd through the labouring air : but gladness and glory on Judah,
Such as the Presence of God streams down on the seats of the Blessed.
Glowed in its radiance the host : glowed banner and armour and buckler,
Squadron and line of advance glowed out : on the watery bulwark
Flickered and trembled the broken array and fragments of splendour.
Who can describe the Form that looked on the army of Egypt
Forth from the pillar of cloud, to distract and to madden and frenzy ?
Then fell terror on hearts that *till* then never had trembled :
Then blanched lips that had never grown pale : the chariots of Memphis
Heavily, heavily drave : their wheels were smitten and shattered ;
Blended were horse and foot. ' Let us flee ! let us flee ! ' was the outcry :
' Back, for the LORD is with *them* and battles against the Egyptian !'
Woe, for the word *Too late* ! Ah, bitterly, bitterly uttered,
Then when the harvest is past, and the summer is ended for ever !
One little moment of time, one brief imperceptible second,
Closes the portal of hope : Here, none but the desperate enter !
Back on the wreck of the host rush down the mighty abysses ;
Back on the king and the prince ; back, back on the horse and the rider :
One wild shriek of despair ; and then came silence for ever.

Oh for the vision that once came down by the river of Chebar,¹
 Teaching the Son of Man of past and present and future !
 Then with a pencil of light might I picture the course of the ages
 Such as the pyramids saw !

By the mouth of the River of Egypt
 Rises the merchant queen, that had sway o'er the sea of the inland :
 Over the tideless waves went forth those vessels of commerce,
 Visiting island and port, as far as the Pillars of Atlas ;
 Yea, with undaunted prow stemming boldly against the Atlantic,
 Coasting the shores of the West, till they entered the Bay of Ulysses :²
 Or, more adventurous still, their carved beak turned to the southward,
 Anchor'd they under Madeira, the sweetest Isle of the Ocean.
 Learning awakes from her sleep when the Ptolemy wieldeth the sceptre ;
 Echo again some few faint strains of the poets of Hellas ;
 Though the sweet source of the song be dried up, still harmony lingers,
 Oh how poor, how faint, how weak, ere dying for ever !
 Now o'er the land of the Nile is the Western Eagle triumphant,
 Now is the mart of the earth, and the world's great granary, Roman ;
 Marvellous change ! But a change more marvellous time in its fulness
 Hurries along ; when the Cross shall o'erthrow the altars of Egypt ;
 When to the Name and the fame of the Crucified dedicate, temples
 Shall in the city lift up their head ; in the desolate places
 Hallow the soil that was once the domain and abode of Osiris.
 Oh what a fight to the death ! What glorious conflict of martyrs !
 Oh what a struggle of Satan ! What rage and despair of the fiend-gods !
 When to the rack men went, as the victor might go to a triumph,
 Hugging each engine of pain as a bride ; in the theatre stood they
 Waiting the rush and the roar of the beast, that terrible passage
 Up to the Vision and glory of God, the Sight Beatific.

¹ Ezek. i. 3.² Ulyssipolis, that is, Lisbon.

Tier upon tier rose high with the pitiless multitude crowded :
Præfect and Consulars sat where the silken and delicate awning
Shielded the noon-day sun ; beneath, in the very arena
He That is Martyr of martyrs again was crowned in His servant.
Nor with the steel and the torture alone was the battle decided :
Into the wilds they fled, to the desert and cavern and mountain,
Dying of hunger and thirst, the babe and the mother together,
Leaving their bones to whiten, a prey to the vulture and jackal,
Till in the day, when the LORD shall descend in His terror to judgment,
They shall obey His voice and be glorious for ever and ever.
This is the way that they fought, those heroes of CHRIST and His Kingdom ;
This is the way that they conquered, by toil and by patient endurance :
Therefore they now are before His Seat, where the river of pleasure
Wells from the Throne of the LAMB That was slain, as glassy as crystal ;
Where there is no more curse, but on either side of the river
Groweth the Tree of Life with her twelve fruits, each in their season ;
Where they shall see His Face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads.

Now is the battle-array that shall crush or the Cross or the demon ;
Where in the great sea-square of the merchant city of princes,
Rises the idol on high, that ancient idol, Serapis,¹
Doomed to be struck to the earth,—so saith the command of the Cæsar.
Who hath the courage to deal that blow ? For the prophets of Egypt.
Tell, when that image shall fall, how the sky and the ocean shall mingle,
Darkness shall cover the world, and nature return into chaos.
“ Give me an axe,” saith a firm brave voice. And the multitude cower,
Trembling and shrinking together, and deem that the end is approaching.
“ Strike in the Name of the LORD ! ” And the idol trembles and totters :
Down with it, down to the ground ! It falls, but a marvellous thunder

¹ See the story in Socrates, H. E. V. 16.

Echoes within that frame. Great terror is over the people ;
Till from their ancient abode, in myriad, myriad numbers,
Pours forth a cohort of rats. Then peals of measureless laughter ;
' These be thy gods, O Egypt !'

The landscape of history darkens :

Forth from the tents of the East pour the hordes of the Prophet of Mecca :
Glow in the front of their van a land like the garden of Eden :
Blackens behind their-rear a howling and terrible desert.
Now is the land of the Nile yet again the servant of servants,
Mighty in thoughts of the past alone : while the fabrics of ages
Sadly and dimly look down on the hopes and the schemes of the future.
Relies of Pharaoh's renown, how strangely they blend and they mingle
Into the present, the great highways of peace and of commerce,
Where from our country are sent her commands to the world of the sunrise,
And from the sea to the sea go forth the telegraph flashes !

LORD of the past and the future, Whom history preaches and blesses,
Who by Thy wisdom uphold'st Thine own through the perils of this world !
Still, when a Pharaoh attacks, raise up for Thy people a Moses,
Still let the Red Sea wave be a path of escape for Thy ransomed ;
Still through the desert lead on, still sever the waters of Jordan,
Till they obtain, at the last, their promised inheritance, Canaan !

THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS.

A Seatonian Prize Poem.

BY THE

REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, M.A..

LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

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“THE REV. THOMAS SEATON, M.A., late Fellow of Clare Hall, bequeathed to the University (in 1738) the rents of his Kislingbury estate, now producing clear £40. per annum, to be given yearly to that Master of Arts who shall write the best English Poem on a sacred subject. The Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare Hall, and the Greek Professor (who are the disposers of this premium), determine the subject, which is delivered out in January, and the Poem is to be sent to the Vice-Chancellor on or before the 29th of September following. The Poem is to be printed, and the expense deducted out of the product of the estate: the remainder is given as a reward to the composer.”

Cambridge, October 29th, 1859.

The above PREMIUM was this year awarded to the Reverend
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WILLIAM HENRY BATESON, *Vice-Chancellor.*

EDWARD ATKINSON, *Master of Clare College.*

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Mors et Vita confluxere;
Resurrexit Christus vere;
Et cum Christo surrexere

Multi testes gloriæ:
Mane novum, mane lætum,
Vespertinum tergat fletum;
Quia Vita vicit letum,
Tempus est lætitiæ.

ADAM. VICTORIN.

THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS.

WHY from the western clouds walks Evening forth
In such transcendent hues? Why sinks the Sun
Behind Judæa's hills, in such array
Of golden majesty, that never yet
Eneglaim's¹ fisher saw that sullen lake
Clad in such living purple as to-day?
That Bethlehem's shepherd—(as he shades his eyes,
And marks how Light and Beauty interweave
Their delicate threads of opal in the West
Round those strong bars of crimson, while yon haze 10
Of tenderest pink but seems the screen that hides
The land where Angels walk)—lifts up his heart
And blesses GOD Who made the world so fair?
—O Nature, curs'd of old for man's offence!
O GOD'S Creation, once so beautiful,
So perfect in thy beauty,—since defil'd
By man's defiler!—well thou may'st to-day
Gird thee with festal splendour, tire thy brow
With living light, and pour thy beauty forth:
Now the first time, the very first of all, 20
The great sun sets upon a ransom'd earth:
Sees man redeem'd, and GOD victorious: sees
Captivity led captive, Death by death
O'erwhelm'd, and Life out-bursting from the Grave.

¹ Ezekiel xlvii. 10. "The fishers shall stand upon it"—the Dead Sea—
"from Engedi even unto Eneglaim."

There is one spot, a spot the Angels know,
 —O touch it gently, thou red messenger
 Of beauty from the West! with softest kiss
 Salute each hallow'd blade! It now is clad
 With evening's gems, but three days since was decked
 With that tremendous dew of Blood, which spake 30
 The death-throes of an agonising GOD:
 'Twas there the strife began: there face to face
 He stood, Whose purer eyes abhor all guilt,
 With heap'd-up centuries of transgression, crime
 Of untold generations, stretching back
 To that first sin that lost us Paradise
 And brought in death,—and forwards, length'ning out
 In vista, hideous and more hideous yet,
 To the last deed of violence that shall be
 Before the Archangel's Trumpet! And He knelt 40
 With Head bow'd down on that most holiest spot,
 That anchorage of every soul,—and said,
If it be possible,—oh prayer thrice breath'd
 In Agony that only GOD can know!—
Let this cup pass away: yet not My Will
But Thine, be done.—And where were mortals then?
 Where were the Victor's glory? where the Name
 Exalted o'er all names of things in Heav'n,
 And things on earth, and things beneath the earth:
 The One, the Only Name wherein is life 50
 And strength and love and comfort?

Aye! exult,

Exult, O Sun, and leap for joy, O Earth!
 Oh how transfigured now, since, three days erst,
 Sweet light extinct at high noon, dim eclipse
 Dragged on, o'er mountain range and desert sand,
 And labouring ox, and bright spring beds of flowers,

And young green woods, the funeral pall of GOD:
 What time the Athenian sage,¹ amidst the band
 Of pale disciples, shiv'ring in their fear,
 "Or this world's GOD is suffering, or the frame 60
 "Of this world's self," he said, "is breaking up!"
 What time—for some believe the marvellous tale,²—
 His vessel bounding o'er the wine-dark sea,
 The pilot Tamois heard that voice,—“Whene'er
 “Thy galley nears Phalacrum's stormy cape,
 “Proclaim thou from the prow,—‘Great Pan is dead!’”
 Nay! speed the vessel! spread all canvas! woo
 Each favouring breeze, and fly the dangerous coast!
 —Vain human forethought! vain the seaman's art!
 Soon as the white cliff beetles o'er the deep, 70
 Fails the fair breeze: the sails droop idly down:
 And Tamois, now a bowshot from the coast,
 Afraid to disobey, yet loth to speak,
 Makes proclamation that Great Pan is dead.
 At once, ten thousand thousand hideous cries
 And doleful lamentations,—whispered bans
 Of unseen things that flap their spirit-wings
 And gibber through the air, and make it sad
 With woe and wailing. These infernal Powers
 Have learnt the enigmatic lore, and know 80
 Their human empire fall'n.—The breeze springs up;
 The vessel onward flies: and queenly Rome
 Hath heard, nor understood, the wondrous tale.

¹ Allusion is made to the well-known tale that S. Dionysius the Arcopagite burst forth into such an exclamation when observing the miraculous eclipse at our Blessed Lord's Crucifixion.

² The story of Tamois is related by Plutarch in his work on the Cessation of Oracles: and Tiberius is by that author said to have enquired into the truth of the tale from the lips of Tamois himself.

Oh pleasant pilgrimage, where arching boughs
 Talk to each other, and the breeze,—of spring
 With all its soft young beauty! There the fig
 Puts forth its milky leaves—the cactus there
 Bristles with oar-like petals; while the copse
 Echoes the bulbul's full delicious notes,
 And all is vernal joy.—But who are these, 90
 Twain pilgrims, as it seems, that, slow and sad,
 Leaving the Holy City, and the pile
 Of snowy glory, tow'ring o'er the abyss
 On this side and on that, majestic shrine
 Of prayer for nations, where the Paschal Feast
 As yet invites to worship, wend their way
 To fair Emmaus?—Hark! their talk, the while,
 Is of a King, esteemed the Son of GOD,
 Who yet hath yielded to the Law of Man:
 Is of a great Deliverer, That could save 100
 Others, it seems, but could not save Himself:
 Is of a mighty Prophet, That could stay
 Diseases by a word, could bid the sea
 Boiling in maddest fury, to be still,
 Command the fiends that torture human frames
 Back to their place of torment, yea, restore
 Lord of the gates of hell, the dead to life:
 Their guide, their friend, their ruler. Where are now
 His promises of Love? Where now their hopes
 Of many mansions in His Father's House? 110
 Their Head is gone,—their visions fled,—for He,
 By most unrighteous judgment doom'd, hath died
 That shameful death, the malefactor's Cross,
 Accounted with transgressors: yea, to-day
 Is the third day since all these things were done.
 What is to them the splendour of the sky,

The loveliness of spring?—The sun that sets
 So glorious now, shall rise more glorious still;
 The flowers that died in autumn, have assumed
 Their newer life, and every tinted leaf 120
 Opes its young channel to the verdurous sap.
 For Him is no awak'ning, till the hour
 Of Heavenly right, reversing earthly wrong;
 The Resurrection of the latter day.
 Oh happy hours of converse, when He spake
 As man spake never! Oh dear fields and paths
 Trod by those blessed feet, thenceafter nail'd
 Fast to the bitter Cross! Oh pleasant skies
 Of blue Gennesaret! obedient waves
 Whose midnight surges into peace He trod! 130
 Him by what name must they remember now,
 Or SON of GOD, or Son of Man? If this,
 Woe to those hopes whose aim is based on clay!
 If that,—can He, the Immortal, taste of death,
 The impassible, of suffering? He that holds
 The Heav'n of Heav'ns in that Almighty grasp
 Be held within the grave?—

Methought that now

In this spring landscape there were pilgrims twain:
 And lo! a third is with them; Who draws near
 With salutation sweet yet grave, and asks 140
 The cause that hath set sadness on their brow.
 "Hast thou not heard,—or hast thou stood aloof
 From all the Paschal pilgrims,—of the things
 That these last days have brought to every ear?"
 "What things?" that Stranger asks. And straight the tide
 Of mingled hope and fear and love, breaks forth:
 How they had hoped that He Who fed the crowds,
 Who heal'd the sick, Who still'd the waves, Who held

The keys of hell and death, had been the King,
 Jeshurun's promis'd Monarch: He Whose Throne 150
 Should stretch its sceptred sway from shore to shore,
 Yea from the river to the world's confine:
 To Whom all kings should bow, Whom every power
 Should own supreme, we trusted it was He!
 We trusted,—till our hopes were nail'd to that,
 The self-same Cross whereon our Master hung.
 Yea certain of our company, who bare
 No woman's heart with more than woman's love,
 Were early at the tomb, whereat they saw
 A vision of the Seraphs; and they ask'd, 160
 Why seek ye thus the Living midst the dead?
 The Angels they beheld, and we, who went
 Wing'd with their tale, beheld them too: but Him,
 The Angels' Monarch, saw we not.

"O fools
 And slow of heart," that Stranger said, "who thus
 Reject the teaching of prophetic lore!
 And ought not He, the Anointed, to have trod
 The path of suffering first, ere He assum'd
 The exceeding glorious and eternal Crown?
 Ought He not first to breast the howling waves 170
 Amidst the night of this world, ere at length
 The morn now come,¹ He stands upon the shore?
 What other lesson taught they, since of old,
 Ere yet the cherubim with fiery sword
 Had guarded Eden's entrance, GOD's great love
 Promised the Woman's Seed That was to reign,
 But not before He suffered,—He shall bruise

¹ Compare S. John xxi. 4. "But when the morning was now come, JESUS stood on the shore:" which is usually applied by the Fathers to the shore of Heavenly rest, and the morning of the Resurrection.

The serpent's head, but thou shalt bruise His heel?
 Why else were all their labours, who were made
 Types of the Promis'd Ruler, but for this? 180
 Why trod he wearily the three days' march,
 The long-sought offspring, "Isaac, whom thou lov'st,"
 And bare the fire, and bare the wood, but not
 The lamb for the burnt-offering: *he* that lamb
 Bound on the Altar, while above his son
 That glorious father bared the trembling knife?
 Why else the thousand victims, pouring out
 Their meek and patient lives, and offering up
 Their innocence for offences not their own,
 While o'er their death rang trumpet peal and shawm, 190
 The psaltery and the cymbal? Oh vast roof
 Radiant with gems and gold! oh dim-seen forms
 Of Angels brooding o'er the Mercy Seat!
 Why on that dreadest hour, that fast of fasts,
 The Day of Great Atonement, went the Priest
 Into the Holy of the Holies, where
 In its unutterable majesty
 God's own Shechinah burn'd? Why else the tale
 Of Israel's champions, victors by defeat;
 Through bondage and through exile and contempt, 200
 And midnight march, and flight of peril, raised,
 The good fight fought, to Salem's peaceful throne?"

—Oh how He spake, that Stranger! how His words
 Roll'd off the darkness from the bygone times¹

¹ S. Luke xxiv. 27. "He expounded unto them, in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself." Hence, in the present poem, some of the types are described at length, on which our Blessed Lord may be supposed more particularly to have dwelt.

And touch'd them with prophetic light!

He shewed

The plain beneath Mount Carmel,¹ where the glow
 Of thousand thousand watchfires lighted up
 The stilly midnight, while the warrior sons
 Of Edom and of Midian slept the sleep
 Of gluttoned insolence, and dream'd of spoil 210
 Won from a morrow richer than to-day.
 But what the arms of GOD's elected chief
 And of his brave three hundred? Not the sword
 And spear and shield, the warrior's earthly guard;
 But pitchers, moulded by the potter's art,
 And lamps within the pitchers: "What I do,
 That see that ye do also." Then the cry,
 "The sword of Gideon and of GOD!" the crash
 Of shattered pitchers, and the glare that burst
 Upon the midnight host; while round and round, 220
 Now here, now there, that shout's great thunder rose,
 "The sword of GOD and Gideon!"—Even thus,
 Almighty Conqueror, didst Thou seek the foe
 Amidst the night of this world: even thus,
 The mortal vessel shattered gloriously,
 Flash'd forth the Godhead! Yea, and they that bear
 Thy Name, must do Thy deeds: must freely yield
 This mortal frame to anguish and to death,
 If this Thy call, and fear not them that kill,
 And after that have nought that they can do: 230
 Oh glorious lot of Martyrs!—Yet not less
They tread His footsteps, who for Him endure
 A life-long death; who spend and who are spent
 In labour, mocked at by the world,—in strife
 Both with the ill within them and without:

¹ Gideon, a type of CHRIST. Judges vii. 16—21.

In self-denial that, by slow degrees,
Wearing the mortal vessel out, at length
Shall unimprison the internal light.

Anon He led them in His god-like talk
To Dagon's temple,¹ where the shouting crowd 240
Bade the imprison'd warrior make them sport;
Captive, and blind, and fetter'd, there he stands,
A spectacle of woe; yet none the less
Retains the unconquerable will, to die
Himself, and by his death destroy the foe.
On those twain pillars of the house he leans,
And makes his prayer; "Remember me, O God,
This once, O God, and strengthen me this once,
Only this once, that I may be avenged,
And with the dying Philistines may die." 250
One lengthened hideous tug, and down they come,
The pillars of the temple, crashing in
On those besotted thousands. So the dead
His death, were more than those his life, destroy'd.
—Not less, O glorious Captive, didst Thou hang
A spectacle to angels, on that Cross,
The watch-tower of the world, the whilst Thy hands,
Nail'd to its bitter wood, for us burst through
The fetters of damnation, crush'd for us
By death the reign of death, and brought forth life; 260
Life without sickness, life without end, life
Such as the angels live, and next to God.

Still were those travellers' ears attent, although
The westering sun gave warning that the eve
Must send the latest incense of her flowers,

¹ Samson, a type of CHRIST. Judges xvi. 25—30.

The latest music of her birds, to heaven.
 Forthwith that unknown Friend—(for friend He was,
 Who pour'd in comfort on the orphan'd men,
 As holy morn pours light and warmth and joy
 On utter darkness)—shifts the scene, and shows 270
 Philistia's hosts and Israel's,¹ face to face
 Stretch'd in the valley of the Terebinth,²
 And shouting for the battle. Hope on those,
 Secure of victory, sits: these sullen shame
 Weighs down, and fear that dares not tempt defeat.
 For lo! the enormous champion tow'rs along,
 Matchless in brutal strength, sole relic now
 Of those gigantic demigods who erst
 Held sway o'er Canaan. How he belches forth
 Words of fierce scorn and bitter biting jeers 280
 Against the people of the LORD Most High,
 Against the LORD Himself!—But why repeat
 That tale of nursery-faith,³ which infants hear
 Half-pleased, half-frightened, while the firelight throws
 Fantastic shadows round them, and the wind
 Goes rioting forth upon the Sunday Eve
 Of howling Mid-November! They the while
 Pillow their head upon the Mother's breast,
 And in that warm white nest shut out the sight
 Of great Goliath, and the brazen glare 290
 Of shield and sword and terrible weaver's-beam.
 A tale of nursery-lore: yet tale fulfill'd
 In its deep strength, when He, the Infant, born
 In David's City, Bethlehem, went to meet

¹ David, a type of CHRIST. 1 Sam. xvii.

² 1 Sam. xvii. 2. "The valley of Elah:" rather "of *the* Elah," that is, of the Terebinth tree.

³ "Twin'd to the people's pious nursery-faith."—WALLENSTEIN.

The fierce Goliath of the human race.
 But not as warriors go, with noise confus'd,¹
 And garments roll'd in blood; with captains' shout
 And thunder of the battle: but despis'd,
 A poor man midst the poor, He gently dropp'd
 His Majesty, the friend of sinners still; 300
 Till in the final conflict, drinking first
 The brook of deep affliction by the way,²
 He conquer'd; with Goliath's sword cut off³
 Goliath's head, by toil abolish'd toil,
 By woe wiped off all tears, by death slew death,
 By rising, rais'd us to eternal life.

Thus called He up the champions, one by one,
 Whose mortal course prefigur'd His, the CHRIST's:
 And cheer'd those faithful two by many a proof
 That He must suffer ere He reign'd.—But then, 310
 Just as the sun went down beneath the hills,
 He touch'd the "more sure word of prophecy:"
 How David, in his ecstasy,⁴ beheld
 Messiah's Agony,—the hands and feet
 Pierc'd by the bitter nails; the frame so rack'd;
 Each member so distorted; gall His meat,
 And vinegar His drink. And next to him,
 The son of Amoz told his sadder tale:
 He is rejected and despis'd of men,
 A man of sorrows and acquaint with grief: 320
 And we esteem'd Him not: His face was marred
 More than the sons of men;—'twas marr'd for us;
 For surely, surely, He hath borne our griefs

¹ Isaiah ix. 5.² Psalm cx. 7.³ The slaughter of Goliath with his own sword, so continually taken by early commentators, of death destroyed by death.⁴ Psalm xxii.

And carried all our sorrows!¹ He in death
Was with the malefactor, but His grave
Among the rich and noble.

Come thou forth,

O Daniel!² and declare the time, ordain'd
Before the world was, when to save that world,
Messiah for its guilt shall be cut off.
The seventy weeks are ended: needs must CHRIST 330
Have entered on His Work.—The twelve-fold band
Repeat the self-same tale,—from him that sank,
Gulph'd in that ocean-shouldering monster's maw,
Down to the bottom of the mountains,—thence
Call'd up from black despair, to light and joy,—
To him who hail'd the Conqueror o'er the Grave,³—
Death! I will be thy Death! (Oh glorious song!
Repeat it, earth, with all thy thousand tongues,
And hail it, Heav'n!) O Grave, behold and own
Thy great Destroyer! 340

Thus that Stranger spoke:

And as He spoke, a glorious vision brake
Upon the twain.

As when the pilgrim gropes
His doubtful way through thunder-fog and mist
Down terrible Y Wyddfa,⁴—where each step
Is peril, where each pause is utter doubt,
And error is destruction,—if perchance
The western breeze lifts off that vapourous skirt
High from the double summit, then each range
Of circling mountains laughs in sunlit joy,
While the clear path shoots downward, and below 350
Basks sweet Llanberris in the summer eve:—

¹ Isaiah liii.² Daniel ix. 26, 27.³ Hosea xiii. 14.⁴ Y Wyddfa: "The Conspicuous;" the highest point of Snowdon.

So from their souls fled agony and doubt,
 And in its stead came love and joy and peace,
 And their hearts burnt within them. They meanwhile
 Have reach'd their journey's goal; a peasant's cot
 Where myrtle breathes out fragrance, and the snow
 Of orange bloom alternates with the gold
 Of the ripe fruit, while vines, from elm to elm,
 Fling the young beauty of their tendrils out.
 "Abide with us," they say; "the day is spent; 360
 "Abide with us, and rest." He set His Face
 Towards the upland slope, where yet abide
 The sentinels of twilight: still they urge
 Redoubling their petition.

As He yields,
 The board is spread: and at the frugal meal
 They stand, and give GOD thanks: then sit and eat.
 Nay! mark that Stranger now! He taketh bread,
 He blesseth, and He breaketh.

And their eyes
 Are opened, and they know Him!

It is He,
 The LORD of Whom they spake: the LORD That died,
 And rose again; and lives for evermore. 371
 And He hath vanish'd!

Oh to see Him yet!
 "Did not our hearts burn in us as He shew'd
 How Moses and the Prophets speak of Him,
 His Death and Victory?"—That same hour they rise,
 And lighted by the Paschal Moon, that now
 Floods holy Olivet with trembling light,
 Wend back towards the City. There the Eleven
 Had met this eve in silence and in fear,
 With doors fast lock'd, lest enemies intrude. 380

Two days ago, "Though all men," was their boast,
 "Reject Thee and deny Thee, yet not we:"
 And they forsook the first!—And what if now
 They who forgat Him be by Him forgot?
 What if the golden chain of love be snapp'd?—
 Nay, never, never deem it! This His Law:
 Loving His own, He loves them to the end.
 Meanwhile, up hill, through copse, down vale, they go
 Where lately He was with them: on they press
 With this one yearning hope, to tell the tale 390
 That shall remove all fear and end all doubts.
 Now they have reach'd the portal, now they meet
 The challenge of the soldier: now they tread
 The dim and silent city streets, and gain
 The upper room, that kernel of the Church.
 And lo! they hear the tale they thought to tell:
 "The LORD is ris'n indeed, and hath appeared
 To Simon!"

O the joy of joys! O Day
 Blest beyond all days! Portal to the sky!
 The golden ladder, lifting man to GOD! 400
 And Thou,—what tongue can tell Thy praise?—what heart,
 Bursting in thankfulness, can sing Thy love,
 Thou vanquish'd Victor, Crucified Supreme,
 That reign'st, because Thou suffered'st! Thou hast now
 Done with those woes for ever: Thou hast left
 That glorious *Τετέλεσται* to Thy band
 Battling in this world; Thou upon the vault
 Of "terrible crystal,"¹ which the Angels tread,
 Stand'st in the midst, the LAMB That hast been slain;
 And see'st the prostrate Elders, and the Four 410

¹ Ezekiel i. 22.

Mysterious Living Creatures, and the souls
Perfect through suffering, that have reach'd Thy Land
By the same path Thou trodd'st: and how they strike
Their purest light-harps, and ascribe to Thee
The glory and the wisdom and the might,
The victory and salvation!

Grant me, GOD,
One day, the lowest place beneath their feet! 418

RUTH.

A Seatonian Poem.

BY THE

REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, M.A.,

LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Cambridge :

DEIGHTON, BELL, AND CO.

T. J. PALMER, EAST GRINSTEAD.

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1860

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ADVERTISEMENT.

“THE REV. THOMAS SEATON, M.A., late Fellow of Clare Hall, bequeathed to the University (in 1738) the rents of his Kislingbury estate, now producing clear £40. per annum, to be given yearly to that Master of Arts who shall write the best English Poem on a sacred subject. The Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare Hall, and the Greek Professor (who are the disposers of this premium), determine the subject, which is delivered out in January, and the Poem is to be sent to the Vice-Chancellor on or before the 29th of September following. The Poem is to be printed, and the expense deducted out of the product of the estate: the remainder is given as a reward to the composer.”

Cambridge, Nov. 2nd, 1860.

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LATIMER NEVILLE, *Vice-Chancellor.*

EDWARD ATKINSON, *Master of Clare College.*

W. HEPWORTH THOMPSON, *Greek Professor.*

Ecclesiam Ruth designat de gentibus ejus :

Vir, CHRISTUS : caste qui sibi jungit eam.

PETRUS DE RIGA, *Recapitulationes*, 341.

RUTH.

I.

HE stood on that prophetic height,
The chief of Israel's host,
And cast, inspir'd of GOD, his sight
Round Canaan's furthest coast:

Where Spring, like some fair youthful queen,
Deck'd Jordan's banks with loveliest green,
And, right in Judah's onward road,
The City of the Palm-trees glow'd,
And Idumæa's mountains lay
Far in the South, obscurely grey,
To where the purple died away

10

Upon the Western main:
Where Ephraim's hills in glory shone,
By sea-storm'd Carmel, on and on,
Till, crown'd with snow-wreaths, Lebanon
Girt in Sidonia's plain.

Nor less he views each future scene,
Though many a century intervene;
How Judah's holier mount shall own
The LORD's elected seat,
And Sion's future tow'rs enthrone

20

The footstool of His feet:
—Behold the land thy tribes must win,
But plead thou not to enter in!

II.

Of all the vision, sweet yet faint,
 That cheer'd the warrior and the saint,
 What landscape could so brightly shine,
 Bethlehem-Ephratah, as thine?
 Dear sunny fields,—true “House of bread,”—
 True home of David's race; 30
 Whence Judah's mystic bands are fed
 And whence endued with grace;
 Where He His earliest light shall pour,
 The Flower of Jesse's rod;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The Everlasting GOD:
 Where Israel's tribes shall lift the horn,
 And Satan's ranks be riv'n,
 What time to us a Child is born,
 To us a Son is giv'n: 40
 Where midnight skies shall sing His birth,
 The future LORD of ransom'd earth:
 Nor *Gloria in Excelsis* cease
 From furthest shore to shore
 To tell of “peace to men of peace,”
 From thenceforth evermore.

III.

O glorious theme! but all too high
 For my unskilful minstrelsy:
 I rather turn my ruder rhyme
 Back to the scenes of earlier time; 50
 Though still we mark the dews that gem
 Each leaf and flower of Bethlehem;
 Still note the evening's latest tint
 Upon her rustic turrets glint;

Though many a sun has yet in turn
 To ripen Bethlehem's corn,
 And many a summer's course to burn,
 Before her LORD is born.
 Let others tell how here that Name,
 That Blessed Name, was won;
 And wreath a garland for His fame,
 The everlasting Son:
 To no such strain I tune my string,
 No such renown I hail;
 I leave them all,—content to sing
 A simple village-tale.

60

IV.

A sky of the deepest and tenderest blue:
 A landscape that glistens with May's first dew:
 The land of the olive, the land of the vine,
 The region that floweth with oil and with wine: 70
 While the pathway, down to the valley, glows
 With Hermon's lily, and Sharon's rose:
 And, like peaceful squadrons in rank enrolled,
 The broad slopes glitter with barley-gold:
 What spot upon earth, as the spot where we stand,
 Is so like the happy eternal Land?
 But *there* is no riving of heart from heart:
 There none can sorrow, and none can part:
 There sickness is banished, and dried each tear,
 And consoled each mourner—'tis not so here! 80

V.

'Tis not so here—for sad and slow,
 With words of doubt, and mien of woe,

Three pilgrims onward stray;
They mark not how, exulting loud,
The lark, from yonder purple cloud,
Salutes the early day:
They reckon not how the air is balm,
How nature's very self breathes calm,
And all her tribes are gay:
No! there is hidden grief that lies
Too deep for all her harmonies.
Three pilgrims: one with matron air,
And features worn, yet sadly fair,
And beauty in its calm decay,
As landscape in an autumn day:
And two that to her neck have clung,
Like roses round some firmer stem,
O'er which their gentle leaves have hung,
And which their red buds diadem.
Both lovely as a dream—both dight
In robes of eastern beauty's light:
But she, whose darker ringlets deck
The fair pure brow, and purer neck,
Whose eye is clear and firm and true
As summer heav'n of deepest blue,
Whose clinging gesture tells how much
Affection speaks by very touch,—
Go forth and search from East to West
For tenderest eye and snowiest breast,
For mingled loveliness and truth,
And thou shalt find their home in RUTH!
But who that sees them now, would dare
To think that Orpah were less fair?
Less fixed in faith, less firm in hope,
With every toil, for love, to cope?

90

100

110

VI.

Two summer morns alike may break,
And bid the wood's sweet anthems wake;
And one shall mark its sun descend
Unclouded, to his glorious end,
And one shall see the whirlwind rise, 120
And storm and gloom enshroud its skies.
Two summer larks alike may spring,
At daybreak, on their upward wing;
And this at eve shall carol loud
Beneath her canopy of cloud,
And that, before the west is grey,
Shall flutter as the fowler's prey.
Two rosebuds shall alike be seen
To burst their shrine of emerald green;
And one shall shed its life-long breath
In sweetness, and be sweet in death; 130
And one, ere yet 'tis fully burst,
With mildew and with blight be curst.
And so these twain:—this hour shall view
Which is the feigned and which the true.

VII.

With her fair sad face, and her matron grace,
She spake to her daughters twain;
And her glance was cast to the days that were past,
And could never return again:
'To the loved ones that lie 'neath an alien sky, 140
And moulder in heathen clay;
And never shall stand in the LORD'S own land
Till the Resurrection Day.

VIII.

“O happy hours, while yet of old
The GOD of Jacob watch'd His fold,
While yours, mine own, it was to bless
With love and careful tenderness:
And though remembering, day by day,
The LORD'S own mansion, far away,
And mindful, at each evening's rise,
Of Shiloh's holy Sacrifice,—
Still had I hoped one day to tread,
With you and with the holy dead,
To you unknown, but dear to them,
The quiet fields of Bethlehem.
That hope is past: and though my heart
Half breaks to say it, we must part:
'Tis the Most High that wills it—No!
Cling not to me, sweet daughters, so!
I have no sons, my joy and pride,
Henceforth to claim in each their bride;
I have no hope, in sinking age
To find a home for heritage.
Turn, then, and seek your native shore;
Turn to your people's shrines once more:
And, wheresoe'er your lot be thrown,
The GOD we trust in guard His own!
And give you some one day to prove
His best and holiest treasure, love;
And infants that shall yet be press'd
With mother's rapture to the breast:
And so His aid be by you felt,
His shield around you spread,
As, in the former days, ye dealt
With me, and with the dead!”

150

160

170

IX.

O Orpah, dost thou hide thy face,
And canst thou bear to sever?
And hast thou heart for that embrace
Which says farewell for ever?
—Thou, in Whose Hand is earthly bliss, 180
Oh give me any woe but this!
That where I lean with every power
Of faith and love and trust,
I ever should endure the hour
That crushes all to dust!
Take those I love, if so Thy will,
And I may love them dearlier still:
They pass but for a while away,
They dwell at home with Thee;—
And I shall go to them, tho' they 190
Shall not return to me:
But thus to lose the faith of years,—
'Tis grief that lies too deep for tears:
'Tis gloom, whence hope no ray can borrow:
'Tis night that cannot look for morrow.
Once more I pray:—an Orpah's kiss,—
O give me any woe but this!

X.

What time the storm was black as night,
And rain was driving fast,
And gulfs of cloud, from height to height, 200
Were tossed before the blast:
Hast thou not seen the rainbow-arch
From North to South serenely march,
And heard its own consoling cheer,

' Be of good comfort! GOD is here!
 So as they stood beside the palm
 Where Orpah bade farewell,
 Those accents full of love and calm
 Upon the silence fell:
 " Whate'er of weal, whate'er of woe, 210
 Beset thy future way,
 Whither thou goest, I will go,
 And where thou stayest, stay:
 Where'er thou shalt have bow'd the knee,
 Whatever path have trod,
 Thy people shall my people be,
 Thy GOD shall be my GOD:
 And when that darkest hour draws nigh,
 Yet be not thou afraid:
 For where thou diest, I will die, 220
 And there will I be laid:
 And GOD do so and more to me,
 If ought but death part me and thee!"

XI.

Three thousand years have pass'd away
 Since first those words were spoken,
 And still, as on that very day,
 Their spell remains unbroken;
 The exile on an alien shore
 Drinks in their high devotion,
 The home-wrapp'd seamen cons them o'er 230
 Upon the Atlantic Ocean:
 The soldier grasps them for his shield
 Before the sign of battle;
 They whisper comfort in the field
 Above the cannon's rattle:

Watchword of woman's love, that still
 Will mock at space, and smile at ill:
 That, when the clouds close darkest round,
 Will only shine the brighter;
 That, when the rest are faithless found, 240
 Will only cling the tighter:
 'The LORD do so and more to me,
 If ought but death part me and thee!'

XII.

*Thou art praised in Sion, O GOD of Hosts!
 And to Thee they perform the vow,
 When they go to worship in Salem's coasts,
 And before Thine Altar bow:
 Thou visitest earth with a glorious birth;
 Thou makest it plenteous indeed;
 And the River of GOD shall fatten the sod, 250
 For so Thou preparest the seed:
 Thou water'st her furrows, Thou droppest the grain
 Into every little vale;
 And Thou makest it soft with the drops of rain,
 Nor lettest the increase fail:
 Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness here,
 And Thy clouds drop fatness still:
 They shall comfort and bless the wilderness,
 And gladden each little hill:
 —The folds shall be full of sheep! 260
 The valleys so thick with corn,
 That for very joy they shall laugh and leap,
 When Thou liftest Thy people's horn!

* See Psalm lxy.

XIII.

So from the break of early day.
 Until the night grew dim,
 In Ephratah, while all was gay,
 Went on the harvest hymn:
 But thou in harvest joy to share,
 Poor wanderer! hast but little care!
 —She hasten'd forth from Bethlehem 270
 With all a Mother's pride,
 Content the world's wild waves to stem,
 Her husband at her side:
 Now she returns in life's decay,
 Youth's brightest dreams dissolved away:
 Her footsteps, like an alien's, roam
 Round that which once she called her home:
 And, but for this dear treasure, now
 Hers by affection and by vow,
 As lonely midst her own she stands, 280
 As shipwreck'd man on stranger sands.
 'O call me not Naomi,—God
 Hath changed my former name!
 And for the Crown He sends the rod,
 And for the glory, shame:
 Yet to His Will content to bow,—
 My title must be Mara now!'

XIV.

I marvel not that poets teach
 Of that fair golden time,
 When heart was pure, when thought was speech, 290
 When heart was in her prime.
 And so I deem, as I behold
 Where Bethlehem's harvest waves in gold,

And see the lord of all the land
 Come forth amidst his reaper band,
 With gentle mien and kindly air,
 As if an equal part they bare,
 —The master in the servants' toil,
 The servants in the master's spoil.
 "The LORD be with thee!"—O sweet token 300
 Of love to GOD and man unbroken!
 O glorious words, which not alone
 Shall Bethlehem's hills repeat,
 But after years, from zone to zone,
 Shall echo at the LORD's own Throne
 In many a cadence sweet:
 What time the vast Cathedral pile,
 From vaulted Nave and fretted Aisle,
 Shall, all in answer meet,
 "And with thy spirit!" make reply, 310
 In that full choral harmony!

XV.

But one there is, of stranger mien,
 Who dares in those sweet fields to glean,
 Where none may grudge, and none upbraids,
 Amidst the ranks of Israel's maids;
 Although the fierce sun, flaming down,
 Hath tinged her cheek with darker brown,
 Although with unaccustom'd toil
 She gather in the reaper's spoil,
 Deem not her task unblest above,— 320
 She toils in faith, and works for love.
 "Hearken, my daughter! Seek not now
 In other fields to stray,
 But by my maidens tarry thou,
 And in my harvests stay:

And at their fountain cool thy lip,
 And in their cup thy morsel dip:
 Have I not charged them, that they be
 As though they shared one home with thee?"

XVI.

—Oh, in this world, that turns its sight 330
 To darkness rather than to light,
 And, in its course embruted,
 That loves to brand the pure and bright
 As faithless and polluted;
 The very worst suspecting still,
 And out of good inventing ill;
 In this poor judgment-seat of dust,
 How great a thing is holy trust!

—The merry harvest feast is past;
 The harvest pipe is hush'd at last; 340
 In scatter'd farm and distant cot
 Of many a wild and hill-side spot,
 The reapers, while in silence dim
 The moon her bright watch keepeth,
 Once more commend themselves to Him
 Who slumbereth not nor sleepeth.
 But Boaz,—*he* must be secure
 Whose willing hand hath fed the poor—
 But Boaz lays him down to rest,
 Where are the barn sheaves closest prest. 350
 When the LORD's banner is unfurl'd,
 And crush'd are death and sin,
 Thus, in the harvest of the world,
 He shall be garner'd in!

XVII.

Oh blame her not! she comes impress'd
By Israel's law in clear behest:
Directed by the lore of age
To claim her wifely heritage:
As pure as Angels in the sky, 360
As safe as in a sanctuary.
The heav'n is calm, the night is dark:
That barn-floor is her holy ark:
He sleeps the good man's slumber sweet;
She crouches stilly at his feet:
And guardian Angels watch above,
With looks of joy and thoughts of love:
They see, in prophet-vision clear,
The future scenes that shall be here:
The Babe that comes our woes to heal, 370
And make our bitter sweet:
The Virgin Mother that shall kneel
And worship at His feet:
Though Israel may reject her LORD,
The ox and ass shall know
The Prince, for evermore ador'd,
Who comes to dwell below:
And hither shall the wise men bring
Their offerings three, to own
The God, the Mortal, and the King, 380
Who reigns from Sion's throne!
When shall the promis'd time appear,
That this shall be, and this be *here*?
That promis'd time and King they see,
And trace His line, sweet Ruth, to thee!

XVIII.

Why should I tell how midnight rest
With holy, plighted troth was blest?
Why should I tell, at Bethlehem's gate
How Bethlehem's chosen elders wait,
And call the GOD Who rules the sky 390
The sacred bond to ratify?
How she, the alien-one, who chose
In Israel's land to find repose,
Her home, her kin, her gods forsaken,
From Israel's GOD hath guerdon taken?
And therefore is her name enroll'd
In that celestial page,
Which, writ in characters of gold,
Shall live from age to age:
And therefore doth her story shine, 400
Unspotted, in Messiah's line;
And she hath won the endless fame
That from her heathen-root He came.
And so, amidst a world of strife,
She speaks the words of hope and life:
'If thou art call'd to toil for truth,
Yet be not thou afraid;
But think upon the GOD of Ruth,
And He shall give thee aid!'

KING JOSIAH.

A Sentonian Poem.

BY THE

REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, M.A.,

LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Cambridge :

DEIGHTON, BELL, AND CO.

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1862.

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EDWARD ATKINSON, *Master of Clare College.*

W. HEPWORTH THOMPSON, *Greek Professor.*

Sicut chorda musicorum
Tandem sonum dat sonorum
Plectri ministerio,—
Sic in chely tormentorum
Melos CHRISTI confessorum
Dedit hujus tensio.

ADAM. VICTORIN.

KING JOSIAH.

WHO, with apparel stained of crimson hue,
—Like one that treads the winefat, or as chief
Returning victor from the field of blood—
Comes softly thro' the woodland?—Who but HE,
The GOD of Autumn, guarding plighted troth,
Troth, then first plighted when He stretched the bow
From Ararat to Elbrouz, “while earth lasts,
Seedtime and harvest, day and night, shall be”?—
He speaks the word: and leafy chapels, late
Rich with the music of a thousand songs, 10
Green shrines, where nightingales from eve till morn
Poured antiphonal joy, and loftier Aisles,
Sweet with the wild doves' gurgling note of love,
Assume the sunset of the year. The elm
Dissolves in golden showers: the maple sends
A flock of red leaves, like the rainbow-birds
Of tropic forests, wandering through the air;
And the brave oak tears off his purpler vest.
“GOD made not death:” and autumn had no rule
In His first Paradise, nor shall have place 20

In that, the better Paradise, which One,
On the dim evening of a stormy day,
With dying lips foretold to dying ears,
Saying, "To-day shalt thou be with Me there."

Yes: Autumn is of Earth: and Earth hath too
An Autumn of the nations. Then the sap
Which, in its young wild life, joined land to land,
Turned forests into cities, made the sea
White with a thousand sails, sent lion-hearts
To found new empires, making glad the waste 30
With woman's love and beauty, children's smiles,
And man's brave honest toil, and all that bids
The sad and solitary land rejoice,
Dies at its very fountain. Then strong arms
Falter and tremble: then strong hearts grow faint:—
And efforts dwarf and dwindle, and the night
Cometh when none can work. So nations' years
Draw to the mournful autumn of their close;
And such an autumn knows no second spring.

So Israel's autumn now; as shortening days, 40
And rising winds, and gathering clouds, proclaim.
Yet, as in Western forests, ere the snow
Wraps the whole earth in Winter's bridal veil,
Ere nature's pulses cease, ere yet the wolf
Wakes the gaunt echoes of the leafless trees,
The Indian knows of gentler gales,—of flowers
Deck'd in half-vernal beauty,—knows of skies

Cloudless, or flecked with soft-winged specks, that drop
 Their playful shadows where the warm wind breathes,
 —And all the more presages that the end, 50
 The dead year's winding-sheet, is therefore nigh:
 Or, as when hectic's deadly rose hath burnt
 Some maiden cheek,—and kindled up the eye
 To deeper beauty, while each waning day
 Gives troth more earnest to the last great Foe;
 And they, the hopeless watchers, know her lot
 No other bridal chamber than the grave:
 Perchance, in that last conflict, nature wakes
 Her utmost efforts, and, a moment, Life
 Winning her last, last field, keeps Death at bay: 60
 Yet not the less, poor Mother, dost thou see
 The glazing eye, damp brow, and all, that makes
 The laying down the flesh so hard, at hand:—
 So Israel trod the last steep steps of death.

A helpless, hopeless struggle thine, O King,
 Last *very* King of Judah! Yet not less
 I deem that chief's a glorious part, who now,
 Outnumbered, outmanœuvred, sure of fate,
 While arm can strike, or heart can beat, fights on.
 Nor less the pilot's, who, when utmost skill 70
 Hath done its part, and done its part in vain,
 With bulwarks gone, and mainmast by the board,
 And boats swept off, while right ahead, the deep
 Churns, on the jaws of some near reef, its foam,
 Stands by the helm, and faithful to the last,

Rules the devoted vessel. Them, if not
The meed of man, the Crown of GOD awaits.

Wherefore let GOD's great temple, that dear House
Of Israel's praises, raise its head once more!
Once more with trumpet peal, and gentler lute, 80
And dulcimer and psaltery, pour the strain
Over the thousand victims! Let the Priests,
The sons of Aaron, in their courses wait:
And choose ye out the Lamb, and strike the blood
On lintel and on doorpost, while the tale
Of Israel's great salvation passes round:
And eat with girded loins, and staff in hand,
And bitter herbs: while orphan lips* rehearse
The glories of that Red Sea march, and tell
Of horse and rider thrown into the sea: 90
And let the great shout rise—"For He is good,
His Mercy is for ever,"—echoed back
From Sion to Mount Olivet, and o'er
The Hill of Evil Counsel. There are ears
Now drinking in this jubilation of praise,
That, pass how short a space! shall hear the roar
Of flame-cones shooting high above those towers;
The wild Chaldean yell,—the groan of death,
The sob of mortal anguish, and the shriek
Of maiden's last despair. And eyes which now 100

* It is well known that a portion of the Passover Service, according to the Jewish tradition, was necessarily said by an orphan; to which our LORD's words, "I will not leave *you* orphans," spoken on that same Passover night, have probably reference.

Behold the goodly cohort, that arrayed
 In linen vest and ephod, as one man,
 Pour from a thousand trumpets GOD's great praise,—
 Those eyes shall see the marble halls enwrapped
 In smoke and fire, while streams of molten gold
 Run down the glorious pavement, and the air
 In far off vales and palmgroves breathes the scent
 Of cedar roofs consuming. But not yet:
 While Judah's monarch lives, her life is charmed:
 So spake, by woman's voice, the LORD of Hosts: 110
 "Thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace,
 And shalt not see the evil." So the Feast
 Was Queen of all past Festals:—and the King
 If hopeless of his country's future, still
 Goes forth to wreak GOD's vengeance on the shrines
 That thus have wrought her ruin.

Aye, strike on!

Still in thine ear those curses ring,—still glare
 Those letters in thine eyes: "If thou shalt turn
 To such foul gods of wood and stone, the fear
 Of those devoted nations, then accurs'd 120
 In city art thou, and in field accurs'd:
 Accurs'd in going out and coming in:
 Accurs'd in basket and in store: Accurs'd
 In fruit of body, and in fruit of land;
 In increase of thy kine and of thy sheep:
 Then shall the plague, the THING* that walks by night,

* *Fulg.* Psalm xc. 6. *A negotio perambulante in tenebris.*

Stalk through thy dwelling: then consumption seize
 The flower of all thine offspring: then the LORD
 Shall smite thee with the mildew and the blight,
 The blasting, and the burning, and the scab: 130
 Then shall the heaven above thee turn to brass,
 The earth beneath be iron. Thou shalt grope
 At noonday in the darkness that is felt:
 Thou shalt betroth a bride in all her youth
 And all her beauty; and her beauty' and youth
 Others shall rifle. So shalt thou become
 A byeword and a hissing and a curse:
 One way shalt thou go forth against thy foes;
 Ten ways shalt flee before them."

So he stands

Amid that cypress grove, where autumn suns 140
 Diffuse a mournful splendour: where they lie
 Who passed away—I say not, fell asleep—
 In worship of the hate of Israel's God.

—Thou seest yon forest where the great oaks cast
 Their broken and fantastic shades athwart
 The greensward glades, where, but for them, the sun
 Had ploughed his golden furrows on the lea?—
 Yes; they have seen, since that great day of wrath,
 Four centuries of foliage. Then he came,
 The Prophet of the Living God,—he told 150
 God's vengeance on the Altar and the King.
 Oh wise for others! madman for himself!

He ventured on the Martyr's path: he saw
 The Monarch's hand outstretched: he saw it struck
 And palsied in the very act of sin:
 Then rose his prayer like incense to the skies,
 And so the sin was pardoned. Yet not less
 Himself was faithless,—yet not less himself
 Obeyed an alien teacher. So he left
 A monument to other years of sin 160
 So hardly punished, that, in future days,
 GOD's Prophet may obey the LORD he tells:
 GOD's Seer may be GOD's Saint.

Now midst the tombs

Under the cypress trees,—those mossy stones
 Grey with the lichens of four hundred years,
 He rests, rests well at last. "Let him alone:
 Let no man move his bones." The heavy guilt
 Hath heavily been punished: he shall now
 Stand forth the safeguard of the treacherous friend, 170
 And lured by him to death, preserve in death.
 Nor doubt that, by a short rough path, he went
 To happier fields: "no lion shall be there;
 Nor any evil beast go up thereon."

And will not all avail? The tears, the prayers,
 The rendering back its beauty to GOD's shrine,
 The casting down of idols? Shall not this
 Plead for the guilt of many a year of sin?—
 No more than all the tears of autumn-dew
 Can call back spring's poor flowers: no more than gales 180

Rich with September-fragrance, can awake
May's fresh green foliage on the forest bough.
"There is a sin to death:" there is a time
When GOD shuts up the future: leaving there
A certain looking for of fiery wrath.
Woe, woe for him that hangs about the gate,
Which entered, hope departs! And yet despite
Of warning and of mercy, spite of all
That his good Angel, in mysterious way,
Whispers in those dim chambers of the heart, 190
In spite of utmost danger, man sins on.
Thou, glorious King of Judah, thou shalt save
Thyself before the ruin: thou shalt find
Before the ship goes down, a blessed port:
But Israel's doom was fixed, what time she shed
The blood of all those Martyr-seers, what time
There stood an idol in the house of GOD:*

Some stoned, some sawn asunder, some with sword
Sent to their glory: they of whom the world
Was not found worthy: they who wandered, clad 200
In sheepskins and in goatskins, far and wide,
Tormented and afflict and destitute:
And chiefly him, the eagle-seer, who soared
So far above things earthly—who proclaimed
"A Virgin shall conceive and bear the SON;"
The Monarch That should reign, but reign by death,
Should be rejected and despised of men,
Afflicted, and deserted, and contemned:

* 2 Kings, xxi. 7.

Who saw the goodly Land, to which That King
Should call His followers, in His time, to share 210
The many mansions of His Father's House.

"The sun shall be no more thy light by day,
Neither for brightness shall the moon," he cried;
"The LORD shall be Thine everlasting light,
And all thy mourning days have found their end."
That blood calls still, calls bitterly: the years
Of idol worship, join their cry to that.
Look backward to the glory of that day,
When gold and gems, and utmost art conjoined
Built up that glorious temple. Step by step, 220
Conquest on conquest, loss by loss, it fell.

Oh manifold oblations—threefold feasts
That drew all Israel, whether Paschal Lamb
Call'd them—or when they kept the Festal "Weeks,"
Or sojourned under tents! These all must cease;
Must cease—and they shall sit by other streams,
And sing the LORD's song in an alien land.
May they not plead on high?—those glorious Kings,
True both in act and suffering,—from the day
When Zephathah saw Ethiopian hosts 230
In numbers numberless, o'erwhelmed;—and when,
Far in the wilderness, the rising sun
Turned into crimson every newborn spring;—
And when the Assyrian host, arrayed about
The battlements of Sion, vaunted high
"Where is the King of Eden? where the King

Of Hena and of Ivah? Have their gods
Delivered Judah's people from my hands?"
And when,—oh wonder not on earth alone,
But reaching to the Heav'ns! the sun went back, 240
And every planet heard His voice, Who rules
Areturus and the Pleiades, and girds
Peerless Orion with his golden belt:
And ten degrees were added to the world,
And all its cares and joys and woes;—and when
The Angel of the LORD went out by night,
A gloomy night, when mist enwrapped the earth
As with its funeral pall, and midst the tents
That girded Salem, sent, in one same hour,
One hundred fourscore thousand to their doom: 250
—May not these Saints now plead on high? Themselves
They have delivered: they have gained the seat
On the right hand of mercy: they shall quaff
The river of His pleasures evermore:
But none can save his brother; none can make
Agreement unto GOD for him: it cost
More to redeem their souls: and he must needs
Let that alone for ever.

Who is this
That, entering from the Northern Gate, rides on 260
Adown the hill of David? This is he,
Envoy of Israel's ancient foe,—to claim
Freedom of passage over Israel's realm.
O hapless people, own the voice of GOD!

Hear it, O Son of David! Now the ship
 Is driv'n into the "place where two seas meet:"
 On this side and on that the high, high waves
 Would dash thy little bark to pieces. Now
 Own thou the word of GOD, albeit proclaimed
 From lips unused to speak it. He, who once 270
 Said, "Israel's GOD I know not, nor will let
 The tribes of Israel's GOD go free,"—he now,
 (In generations long adown the line,
 The golden line of thousand years,) demands
 Like passage here GOD's children asked for there.

Woe! when amidst the darkness of the mine,
 Long toiled for, hoped for long, the glorious gem
 Gladdens the heart, and flashes on the eyes
 Of them whose strong right arms with eager toil
 Have delved to gain it—if perchance that gem 280
 Priceless, except one flaw, by that one flaw
 Weighed in the scales, is robbed of half its worth!
 Thou think'st, O King of Judah! that to thee
 And thee alone, GOD speaks; but know thou this:
 GOD by an alien voice can teach His law
 True, as by holiest prophets. Thou would'st keep
 His land by alien footsteps undefiled.
 But what if this thy trial? what if this
 The lesson that thou, learning, might'st redeem
 So many a lesson by thy tribes unlearned? 290
 Oh if thou would'st but hear him! Oh if now,
 Thou, even thou, at least in this thy day,

Would'st listen to the things that touch thy peace!
 —It may not be; the sentence had gone forth:
 The sentence then enrolled, what time the cry
 Went up from earth to heaven, of all the blood,
 The martyr-blood, of them that died for Him
 "Which the Lord would not pardon."*

Go then forth,

Go, King of Judah, battle with thy GOD!
 Thou, who so long hast fought the glorious fight, 300
 Run the true race so long, and kept the faith,—
 And must thou turn astray at last? He speaks—
 Hear it, or hear it not,—from GOD'S Own Mouth.

O fearful balance! Israel's scales are poised;
 Their sins on this side, GOD'S dear love on that:
 And TEKEL is the verdict.

Therefore now,

GOD'S Own elected Jewel, to the fight!
 Thou shalt be His when He makes up His own,
 Safe in the golden shrine wherein the true
 And brave ones are His own predestinate: 310
 But dream thou not of earthly victories won;
 Of Alleluias which shall echo back
 From every hill round Salem. Thou hast once
 Offered the holiest Passover of all;
 Now shalt thou be the victim. Forth he went

* 2 Kings, xxiv. 4.

In his own strength, O Sion, to the fight:
 Now he returns in other guise: the hand
 That held so late the royal sceptre, touched
 And withered by the grave. Now GOD'S OWN HOUSE
 Hath seen its latest glories. Triumph now, 320
 O Judah's earliest, Judah's latest Foe!
 This is the last of reckonings up: this hour
 Takes the long line of Judah's ancient kings,
 Weighs in the balances, and finds them fail.

Woe, woe for these! Joy, joy for him! For them
 That struggle still amidst the storm, that yet
 Strive hard amidst the battle, almost whelmed
 Amidst the peril of its eddies, woe!
 Woe to the men that shall behold the house,—
 "The beautiful and holy house," enwrapped 330
 In Babylonian fire!

But joy to him,
 So early called to fight, so soon to peace!
 Who would not gladly gird his armour on,
 If, wearing it a moment, he might hang
 That armour forthwith in the hall of Rest?
 The fight he fought, the toils he bore, are ours;
 Like his, our idols also; hand to hand
 With them our warfare; only now no more
 The battle-field is visible: 'tis deep
 In the recesses of the inmost heart; 340

“The good I would I do not”—there the strife—
“The evil that I would not that I do.”

And Judah's Monarch won the truer crown;
But won it by his death. And how shall we,
God's own elected Israel, triumph now,
Till when, in that last battle with the Foe,
Egypt then crushed for ever, we shall fall?

POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

BY
REGINALD HEBER,

AFTERWARDS
LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

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TO
RICHARD HEBER, ESQUIRE,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M S

ARE DEDICATED

AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE

TO THE TALENT, TASTE, AND AFFECTION,

WHICH HE HAS UNIFORMLY EXERTED

IN ENCOURAGING AND DIRECTING THE STUDIES

OF HIS BROTHER.

HODNET RECTORY,

Jan. 1, 1812.

PREFACE.

OF the collection of Poems now offered to the Public, the first is an academical exercise composed at the age of nineteen, and which had the good fortune to obtain a prize from the University of Oxford. The second is an attempt to embody and compare the different feelings excited, in the first instance, by the opening and event of the war between France and Prussia; and afterwards, by the glorious struggle of the Spanish people in defence of their political liberty. The events which have since taken place in Europe have not been such as to lessen the hopes or change the sentiments expressed in the former editions, and the poem is again presented without alteration; though if the characters of poet and prophet had indeed been still synonymous, the imaginary guardian of Europe would doubtless have carried his views consider-

ably farther ; would have averted his eyes in horror from the calamitous scenes of Wagram and Walcheren ; and have reposed with joyful anticipation on the achievements of Hill, Graham and Wellington.

The remaining contents of the volume have been written at various times, and under the pressure of various occupations. The pursuits of a life which, though retired, has not been idle, joined to the peculiar duties of the author's profession, have permitted few opportunities of indulging in the relaxation of poetry. If the future should present, as is far from improbable, still fewer than these, and forbid his adding to the following trifles any thing more worthy of fame ; he trusts, at least, that nothing will be detected in his pages, repugnant to the first interests of mankind, to the cause of Liberty or Religion.

Jan. 1, 1812.

THE poem of Palestine has been lately much indebted to the taste and genius of the Musical Professor of Oxford. It is unnecessary, and the author would feel it presumptuous to say any thing in praise of a composer so eminent as Dr. Crotch ; but he cannot refrain from expressing how strongly he feels the distinction shewn to his lines, by making them the humble vehicle of harmony so perfect.

PALESTINE:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.



PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd ?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd ?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait ;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :

But lawless Force, and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of Heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill;
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear);
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,

Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above !

Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;

Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mould'ring wall ;

Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew :

And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glist'ning eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,

And bade the op'ning glades of Canaan hail ;

Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide ;

The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,

The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill ;

The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays ;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold ;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O, ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade !
What though no more for you th' obedient gale
Swell the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ;
Though now no more your glitt'ring marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ;

Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave ;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows :
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb :
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof, no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam ;

My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes:
See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine!
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whisp'ring reed;
And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice;
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,

Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd !
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source ;
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main ?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd ?

O, feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light:
Not, when fierce conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite:
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height:
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd):
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power, eternal, infinite?—

Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
—Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?
No ;—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ;
By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the iv'ry throne ;
In Heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
—And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd ;
Who ev'ry bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ;
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful sigil and the starry spell,

The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd;
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wond'ring ears
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore,
And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;

Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone ;
Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung ;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence !—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke ;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.
Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land ;
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears ;—
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return,

And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their ling'ring Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul ;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul !
Nor vain their hope :—Bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high ;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King !
Mark'd ye, where, hov'ring o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?
Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice !
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war :

Messiah comes!—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sick'ning sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!

—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah rag'd, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamourous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd,

To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade :
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man !

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom !
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome :
To swell, slow-pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride ;
To flesh the lion's rav'nous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel ;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah ! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost :
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid ;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove ;

'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb :
While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sov'reign of the breast !
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows !

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen ;
There barb'rous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.

There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow ;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wand'ring hermit wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came :
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
The pond'rous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingl'd myriads ran :
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hov'ring vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led;
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance,
Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in Freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade!

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led!
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!

At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
Th' apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
Britannia's champion!—bath'd in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood:
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.
Oh day of death! Oh thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul!

The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise ;—but not by war restor'd,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword :
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made ;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing !
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;

The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And, hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;

Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light:
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the 'mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;—
“ Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
“ Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!”

EUROPE:

LINES ON THE PRESENT WAR.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCIX.

ID. QVANDO. ACCIDERIT. NON. SATIS. AVDEO
EFFARI. SIQVIDEM. NON. CLARIVS. MIHI
PER. SACROS. TRIPODES. CERTA. REFERT. DEVS
NEC. SERVAT. PENITVS. FIDEM

QVOD. SI. QVID. LICEAT. CREDERE. ADHVC. TAMEN
NAM. LAEVVM. TONVIT. NON. FVERIT. PROCVL
QVAERENDVS. CELERI. QVI. PROPERET. GRADV
ET. GALLVM. REPRIMAT. FEROX

PETRVS. CRINITVS. IN. CARMINE
AD. BER. CARAPHAM.

E U R O P E.

AT that dread season when th' indignant North
Pour'd to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fann'd too late the flame of liberty;
By feverish hope oppress'd, and anxious thought,
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade:—
'Yet slept not all;—I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons, and the wheels of war;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum;

O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that trode,
And the far-distant fife that thrill'd along the road.

Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell

To catch the music of the pealing bell ;

And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,

The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay :—

But sweet no less, when Justice points the spear,

Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear,

To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,

And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.

Oh ! song of hope, too long delusive strain !

And hear we now thy flattering voice again ?

But late, alas ! I left thee cold and still,

Stunn'd by the wrath of Heaven, on Pratzen's hill.

Oh ! on that hill may no kind month renew

The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew !

Accurs'd of God, may those bleak summits tell

The field of anger where the mighty fell.

There youthful Faith and high-born Courage rest,

And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled crest ;

There Europe, soil'd with blood her tresses grey,
And ancient Honour's shield,—all vilely thrown away.

Thus mus'd my soul, as in succession dear
Rose each grim shape of Wrath and Doubt and Fear ;
Defeat and Shame in grisly vision past,
And Vengeance, bought with blood, and glorious Death the last.
Then as my gaze their waving eagles met,
And through the night each sparkling bayonet,
Still Memory told how Austria's evil hour
Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power,
And Gallia's vaunting train, and Mosco's horde,
Had flesh'd the maiden steel of Brunswick's sword.
Oh ! yet, I deem'd, that Fate, by Justice led,
Might wreath once more the veteran's silver head ;
That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain
The cumbrous sceptre of a single reign ;
That conscious right would tenfold strength afford,
And Heaven assist the patriot's holy sword,
And look in mercy through th' auspicious sky,
To bless the saviour host of Germany.

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as shed
Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed?
And are they dreams? or can th' Eternal Mind
Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind?
Why, if the dubious battle own his power,
And the red sabre, where he bids, devour,
Why then can one the curse of worlds deride,
And millions weep a tyrant's single pride?

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps stray'd,
Rapt in the visions of the Aonian maid.
It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear;
My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide
Through the green walks of scented even-tide,
Or stretch'd with me in noonday ease along,
To list the reaper's chaunt, or throstle's song:—
But she of loftier port; whose grave controul
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul;
She, whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
With Fame's bright promise cheers the student's toil;

That same was she, whose ancient lore refin'd
The sober hardihood of Sydney's mind.
Borne on her wing, no more I seem'd to rove
By Dresden's glittering spires, and linden grove ;
No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,
Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,
While the still margent of his ample flood
Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood—
(Woods happy once, that heard the carols free,
Of rustic love, and cheerful industry ;
Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,
And silence marks the track where France has been.)
Far other scenes than these my fancy view'd :
Rocks rob'd in ice, a mountain solitude ;
Where on Helvetian hills, in godlike state,
Alone and awful, Europe's Angel sate :
Silent and stern he sate ; then, bending low,
Listen'd th' ascending plaints of human woe,
And waving as in grief his towery head,
“ Not yet, not yet the day of rest,” he said ;

“ It may not be. Destruction’s gory wing
Soars o’er the banners of the younger king,
Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway
To stem the lava on its destin’d way.
Poor, glittering warriors, only wont to know
The bloodless pageant of a martial show ;
Nurselings of peace, for fiercer fights prepare,
And dread the step-dame sway of unaccustom’d war !
They fight, they bleed !—Oh ! had that blood been shed
When Charles and Valour Austria’s armies led ;
Had these stood forth the righteous cause to shield,
When victory waver’d on Moravia’s field ;
Then France had mourn’d her conquests made in vain,
Her backward-beaten ranks, and countless slain ;—
Then had the strength of Europe’s freedom stood,
And still the Rhine had roll’d a German flood !

“ Oh ! nurs’d in many a wile, and practis’d long
To spoil the poor, and cringe before the strong ;
To swell the victor’s state, and hovering near,
Like some base vulture in the battle’s rear,

To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome aim the prouder eagles spare :
A curse is on thee, Brandenburg ! the sound
Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground ;
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of woe.

“ Enough of vengeance ! O'er th' ensanguin'd plain
I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain ;
Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.
Enough of vengeance !—By the glorious dead,
Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led ;
By Blucher's sword in fiercest danger tried,
And the true heart that burst when Brunswick died ;
By her whose charms the coldest zeal might warm,
The manliest firmness in the fairest form—
Save, Europe, save the remnant !—Yet remains
One glorious path to free the world from chains.
Why, when yon northern band in Eylau's wood
Retreating struck, and track'd their course with blood,

While one firm rock the floods of ruin stay'd,
Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delay'd?
And Albion!"—Darker sorrow veil'd his brow—
" Friend of the friendless—Albion! where art thou?
Child of the Sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,
The covering cherub of the ocean's bed!
The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
And the wild-roaring waves a stern security.
But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to ride,
Freedom's lov'd ark, o'er broad oppression's tide;
If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
Glance in contempt on Europe's agony.
Alas! where now the bands who wont to pour
Their strong deliverance on th' Egyptian shore?
Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,
Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave.

 " And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
Whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels power,
Whom Earth applauded through her peopled shores!
(Alas! whom Earth too early lost deplores:—)

Young without follies, without rashness bold,
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold!
In every veering gale of faction true,
Untarnish'd Chatham's genuine child, adieu!
Unlike our common sons, whose gradual ray
Expands from twilight to intenser day,
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway.
O, prov'd in danger! not the fiercest flame
Of Discord's rage thy constant soul could tame;
Not when, far-striding, o'er thy palsied land,
Gigantic Treason took his bolder stand;
Not when wild Zeal, by murderous Faction led,
On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread;
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—
Undaunted patriot! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a sterner power;
When the dimm'd eyeball, and the struggling breath,
And pain, and terror, mark advancing death;—

Still in that breast thy country held her throne,
Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were hers alone,
Thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy parting groan.

“ Yes, from those lips while fainting nations drew
Hope ever strong, and courage ever new ;—
Yet, yet, I deem’d, by that supporting hand
Propp’d in her fall might Freedom’s ruin stand ;
And purg’d by fire, and stronger from the storm,
Degraded Justice rear her reverend form.
Now hope adieu !—adieu the generous care
To shield the weak, and tame the proud in war !
The golden chain of realms, when equal awe
Pois’d the strong balance of impartial law ;
When rival states as federate sisters shone,
Alike, yet various, and though many, one ;
And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,
Beam’d each fair star of Europe’s galaxy—
All, all are gone, and after-time shall trace
One boundless rule, one undistinguish’d race ;

Twilight of worth, where nought remains to move
The patriot's ardour, or the subject's love.

“ Behold, e'en now, while every manly lore
And every muse forsakes my yielding shore ;
Faint, vapid fruits of slavery's sickly clime,
Each tinsel art succeeds, and harlot rhyme !
To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread
In sightly foldings o'er the Grecian bed,
Their mimic guard where sculptur'd gryphons keep,
And Memphian idols watch o'er beauty's sleep ;
To rouse the slumbering sparks of faint desire
With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre ;
While youth's enervate glance and gloating age
Hang o'er the mazy waltz, or pageant stage ;
Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,
The nightly revel and the noontide ease—
These, Europe, are thy toils, thy trophies these !

“ So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming rain,
Have strew'd the bearded hope of golden grain,

From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies,
The tall, rank weeds in barren splendour rise ;
And strong, and towering o'er the mildew'd ear,
Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear ;
The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
And Famine stalks along the purple field.

“ And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's prayer !—
Where, France, thy hopes, thy gilded promise, where ?
When o'er Montpellier's vines, and Jura's snows,
All goodly bright, young Freedom's planet rose ?
What boots it now, (to our destruction brave),
How strong thine arm in war ? a valiant slave !
What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,
Fann'd by the flattering breath of conquest's gale ?
What, that, high-pil'd within yon ample dome,
The blood-bought treasures rest of Greece and Rome ?
Scourge of the highest, bolt in vengeance hurl'd
By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world !
Go, vanquish'd victor, bend thy proud helm down
Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown.

For him in Afric's sands, and Poland's snows,
Rear'd by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows ;
And rank in German fields the harvest springs
Of pageant councils and obsequious kings.
Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,
Link'd the wide circuit of the Latian chain ;
And slaves like these shall every tyrant find,
To gild oppression, and debase mankind.

“ Oh ! live there yet whose hardy souls and high
Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds defy ?
Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain
Of the wide prison of the lonely main,
Cling to their country's rights with freeborn zeal,
More strong from every stroke, and patient of the steel ?
Guiltless of chains, to them has Heaven consign'd
Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind !
Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows
That Freedom's weary foot may find repose ?
No ;—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,
Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell ;

Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed
Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head ;
He wakes, th' avenger—hark ! the hills around,
Untam'd Asturia bids her clarion sound ;
And many an ancient rock, and fleecy plain,
And many a valiant heart returns the strain :
Heard by that shore, where Calpe's armed steep
Flings its long shadow o'er th' Herculean deep,
And Lucian glades, whose hoary poplars wave
In soft, sad murmurs over Inez' grave.
They bless the call who dar'd the first withstand
The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land,
When firm in faith, and red with slaughter'd foes,
Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose.
Nor these alone ; as loud the war-notes swell,
La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork-built cell ;
Alhama's strength is there, and those who till
(A hardy race !) Morena's scorched hill ;
And in rude arms through wide Galicia's reign,
The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.

“ Saw ye those tribes? not theirs the plumed boast,
The sightly trappings of a marshall'd host;
No weeping nations curse their deadly skill,
Expert in danger, and enur'd to kill:—
But theirs the kindling eye, the strenuous arm;
Theirs the dark cheek, with patriot ardour warm,
Unblanch'd by sluggard ease, or slavish fear,
And proud and pure the blood that mantles there.
Theirs from the birth is toil;—o'er granite steep,
And heathy wild, to guard the wandering sheep;
To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear
'Gainst the night-prowling wolf, or felon bear;
The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.
Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,
Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time;
Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found,
(His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads bound;)
Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train
O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne;

And chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall
(Illustrious exile!) o'er Valencia's wall;
Ungrac'd by kings, whose Moorish title rose
The toil-earned homage of his wondering foes.

“ Yes; ev'ry mould'ring tow'r and haunted flood,
And the wild murmurs of the waving wood;
Each sandy waste, and orange-scented dell,
And red Buraba's field, and Lugo, tell,
How their brave fathers fought, how thick th' invaders
fell.

“ Oh! virtue long forgot, or vainly tried,
To glut a bigot's zeal, or tyrant's pride;
Condemn'd in distant climes to bleed and die
'Mid the dank poisons of Tlascala's sky;
Or when stern Austria stretch'd her lawless reign,
And spent in Northern fights the flower of Spain;
Or war's hoarse furies yell'd on Ysell's shore,
And Alva's ruffian sword was drunk with gore.
Yet dar'd not then Tlascala's chiefs withstand
The lofty daring of Castilia's band;

And weeping France her captive king deplor'd,
And curs'd the deathful point of Ebro's sword.
Now, nerv'd with hope, their night of slavery past,
Each heart beats high in freedom's buxom blast;
Lo! Conquest calls, and beck'ning from afar,
Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to war.
—Woe to th' usurper then, who dares defy
The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty!
Woe to the hireling bands, foredoom'd to feel
How strong in labour's horny hand the steel!
Behold e'en now, beneath yon Bœtic skies
Another Pavia bids her trophies rise;—
E'en now in base disguise and friendly night
Their robber-monarch speeds his secret flight;
And with new zeal the fiery Lusians rear,
(Rous'd by their neighbour's worth) the long-neglected spear.

“ So, when stern winter chills the April showers,
And iron frost forbids the timely flowers;
Oh, deem not thou the vigorous herb below
Is crush'd and dead beneath th' incumbent snow:

Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring
Than all the early smiles of flattering spring."

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell,
On my charm'd sense th' unearthly accents fell :
Me wonder held, and joy chastis'd by fear,
As one who wish'd, yet hardly hop'd to hear.
" Spirit," I cried, " dread teacher, yet declare,
In that good fight, shall Albion's arm be there ?
Can Albion, brave, and wise, and proud, refrain
To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with Spain ?
Too long her sons, estrang'd from war and toil,
Have loath'd the safety of the sea-girt isle ;
And chid the waves which pent their fire within,
As the stall'd war-horse woos the battle's din.
Oh, by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,
Which, well I feel, each English breast shall know ;
Say, shall my country, rous'd from deadly sleep,
Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep ?
And shall once more the star of France grow pale,
And dim its beams in Roncesvalles' vale ?

Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire
To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire?"

Still as I gaz'd, his low'ring features spread,
High rose his form, and darkness veil'd his head;
Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,
To heaven he rear'd his arm, and thus he spoke:

" Woe, trebly woe to their slow zeal who bore
Delusive comfort to Iberia's shore!
Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismay'd,
Now gave, and now withdrew their laggard aid;
Who, when each bosom glow'd, each heart beat high,
Chill'd the pure stream of England's energy,
And lost in courtly forms and blind delay
The loiter'd hours of glory's short-liv'd day.

" O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,
Lost, ruin'd Albion, Europe mourns for thee!
Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given
To stay thy doom, and ward the ire of Heaven;
Bar'd in the cause of man thy warrior breast,
And crush'd on yonder hills th' approaching pest,

Then had not murder sack'd thy smiling plain,
And wealth, and worth, and wisdom all been vain ;
“ Yet, yet awake ! while fear and wonder wait
On the pois'd balance, trembling still with fate !
If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried,
Who ting'd with slaughter Tajo's curdling tide ;
(What time base truce the wheels of war could stay,
And the weak victor flung his wreath away ;)—
Or theirs, who, dol'd in scanty bands afar,
Wag'd without hope the disproportion'd war,
And cheerly still, and patient of distress,
Led their forwasted files on numbers numberless !

“ Yes, through the march of many a weary day,
As yon dark column toils its seaward way ;
As bare, and shrinking from th' inclement sky,
The languid soldier bends him down to die ;
As o'er those helpless limbs, by murder gor'd,
The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,
And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands press'd,
The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast ;—

E'en in that hour his hope to England flies,
And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes.

“ Oh ! if such hope can plead, or his, whose bier
Drew from his conquering host their latest tear ;
Whose skill, whose matchless valour, gilded flight ;
Entomb'd in foreign dust, a hasty soldier's rite ;—
Oh ! rouse thee yet to conquer and to save,
And Wisdom guide the sword which Justice gave !

“ And yet the end is not ! from yonder tow'rs
While one Saguntum mocks the victor's pow'rs ;
While one brave heart defies a servile chain,
And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain ;
Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
In tenfold myriads darken half the land ;
(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
Bethulia's matron shook the nightly sword ;)
Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,
And fatal genius fire thy martial eye ;
Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,
Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.

“ No ! by His viewless arm whose righteous care
Defends the orphan’s tear, the poor man’s prayer ;
Who, Lord of Nature, o’er this changeful ball
Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall ;
Wondrous in all His ways, unseen, unknown,
Who treads the wine-press of the world alone ;
And rob’d in darkness, and surrounding fears,
Speeds on their destin’d road the march of years !
No !—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee ?
And shall it tame despair, thy strong controul,
Or quench a nation’s still reviving soul ?—
Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire !
Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea !—
But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free.”

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL,

SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.B.

HILL! whose high daring with renew'd success
Hath cheer'd our tardy war, what time the cloud
Of expectation, dark and comfortless,
Hung on the mountains; and yon factious crowd
Blasphem'd their country's valour, babbling loud!
Then was thine arm reveal'd, to whose young might,
By Toulon's leaguer'd wall, the fiercest bow'd;
Whom Egypt honour'd, and the dubious fight
Of sad Corunna's winter, and more bright
Douro, and Talavera's gory bays;

Wise, modest, brave, in danger foremost found.—
So still, young warrior, may thy toil-earn'd praise,
With England's love and England's honour crown'd,
Gild with delight thy Father's latter days!

THE
PASSAGE
OF
THE RED SEA.

THE
PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

WITH heat o'erlabour'd and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along;
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell,—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flatt'ring vapours make
The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake:

While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late reveal'd, his children's destiny.—
For, not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of pow'r;
Nor fail'd the dreadful wand, whose god-like sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's Gods.
Oh helpless Gods! who nought avail'd to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field!—
Oh helpless Gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold-night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,

(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),
Roll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into light!—
Soft fell the eve:—But, ere the day was done,
Tall, waving banners streak'd the level sun;
And wide and dark along th' horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.—
“ Mark, Israel, mark ! ”—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent;
And busy faction's fast-increasing hum
And female voices shriek, “ They come, they come ! ”
They come, they come ! in scintillating show
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;—
And fancy's keener glance ev'n now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingl'd race:
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain:

On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek :
While close behind, inur'd to feast on blood,
Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd ?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies !—How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode !
And stol'd in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore ;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory !—
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom ?
Whom come ye forth to combat ?—warriors, whom ?—
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge and recent from the chain ?—
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save !
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave !—

North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train :
Their cloudy guide moves on:—" And must we swim the main?"
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bath'd a fetlock in the nauseous flood—
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet ;
And the chas'd surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread ;
The beetling waters storm above their head :

While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blaz'd broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave :
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain :
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed :
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm ;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their coursers' flight.

“ Fly, Misraim, fly !”—The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.

“ Fly, Misraim, fly !”—From Edom’s coral strand
Again the prophet stretch’d his dreadful wand :—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,—
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
Yet o’er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell’d the nightly blast :
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia’s shore.

Oh ! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by th’ avenging flood !
Oh ! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan’s pride below ;
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation’s war :
Alas, how few !—Then, soft as Elim’s well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden’d heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and th’ oppressor’s scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel wak'd its silver sound:
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
“Where now,” she sang, “the tall Egyptian spear?
“On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
“Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
“Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!”—
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
“Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!”

TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE HORSE RACE.

CAN earth, or fire, or liquid air,
With water's sacred stream compare?
Can aught that wealthy tyrants hold
Surpass the lordly blaze of gold?—
Or lives there one, whose restless eye
Would seek along the empty sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian ray,
A warmer star, a purer day?—
O thou, my soul, whose choral song
Would tell of contests sharp and strong,
Extol not other lists above
The circus of Olympian Jove;

Whence, borne on many a tuneful tongue,
To Saturn's seed the anthem sung,
With harp, and flute, and trumpet's call,
Hath sped to Hiero's festival.—

Over sheep-clad Sicily
Who the righteous sceptre beareth,
Every flower of Virtue's tree
Wove in various wreath he weareth.—
But the bud of Poesy
Is the fairest flower of all;
Which the bards, in social glee,
Strew round Hiero's wealthy hall.—
The harp on yonder pin suspended,
Seize it, boy, for Pisa's sake;
And that good steed's, whose thought will wake
A joy with anxious fondness blended:—
No sounding lash his sleek side rended:—
By Alpheus' brink, with feet of flame,
Self-driven, to the goal he tended:

And earn'd the olive wreath of fame
For that dear lord, whose righteous name
The sons of Syracuse tell :—
Who loves the generous courser well ;
Belov'd himself by all who dwell
In Pelops' Lydian colony.—
—Of earth-embracing Neptune, he
The darling, when, in days of yore,
All lovely from the caldron red
By Clotho's spell delivered,
The youth an ivory shoulder bore.—

—Well !—these are tales of mystery !—
And many a darkly-woven lie
With men will easy credence gain ;
While truth, calm truth, may speak in vain ;—
For Eloquence, whose honey'd sway
Our frailer mortal wits obey,
Can honour give to actions ill,
And faith to deeds incredible ;—

And bitter blame, and praises high,

Fall truest from posterity.—

But, if we dare the deeds rehearse

Of those that aye endure,

'Twere meet that in such dangerous verse

Our very word were pure.—

Then, son of Tantalus, receive

A plain unvarnish'd lay!—

My song shall elder fables leave,

And of thy parent say,

That, when in heaven a favour'd guest,

He call'd the gods in turn to feast

On Sipylus, his mountain home:—

The sovereign of the ocean foam,

—Can mortal form such favour prove?—

Rapt thee on golden car above

To highest house of mighty Jove;

To which, in after day,

Came golden-haired Ganymede,

As bards in ancient story read,
The dark-wing'd eagle's prey.—

And when no earthly tongue could tell
The fate of thee, invisible ;—
Nor friends, who sought thee wide in vain,
To soothe thy weeping mother's pain,
Could bring the wanderer home again ;

Some envious neighbour's spleen,
In distant hints, and darkly, said,
That in the caldron hissing red,
And on the god's great table spread,
Thy mangled limbs were seen.—

But who shall tax, I dare not, I,
The blessed gods with gluttony ?—
Full oft the sland'rous tongue has felt
By their high wrath the thunder dealt ;—
And sure, if ever mortal head
Heaven's holy watchers honoured,

That head was Lydia's lord,—
Yet, could not mortal heart digest
The wonders of that heavenly feast ;
Elate with pride, a thought unblest
Above his nature soar'd.—
And now, condemn'd to endless dread,—
(Such is the righteous doom of fate,)
He eyes, above his guilty head,
The shadowy rock's impending weight :—
The fourth, with that tormented three
In horrible society !—
For that, in frantic theft,
The nectar cup he reft,
And to his mortal peers in feasting pour'd,
For whom a sin it were
With mortal life to share
The mystic dainties of th' immortal board :
And who by policy
Can hope to 'scape the eye
Of him who sits above by men and gods ador'd?—

For such offence, a doom severe,
Sent down the son to sojourn here
Among the fleeting race of man ;—
Who, when the curly down began
To clothe his cheek in darker shade,
To car-borne Pisa's royal maid
A lover's tender service paid.—
But, in the darkness first he stood
Alone, by ocean's hoary flood,
And rais'd to him the suppliant cry,
The hoarse earth-shaking deity.—

Nor call'd in vain, through cloud and storm
Half-seen, a huge and shadowy form,

The God of Waters came.—

He came, whom thus the youth address'd—

“ Oh thou, if that immortal breast

Have felt a lover's flame,

A lover's prayer in pity hear,

Repel the tyrant's brazen spear

That guards my lovely dame!—
And grant a car whose rolling speed
May help a lover at his need;
Condemn'd by Pisa's hand to bleed
Unless I win the envied meed

In Elis' field of fame!—

For youthful knights thirteen
By him have slaughter'd been,
His daughter vexing with perverse delay.—

Such to a coward's eye

Were evil augury;—

Nor durst a coward's heart the strife essay!

Yet, since alike to all

The doom of death must fall,

Ah! wherefore, sitting in unseemly shade,

Wear out a nameless life;

Remote from noble strife

And all the sweet applause to valour paid!—

Yes!—I will dare the course! but, thou,

Immortal friend, my prayer allow!"—

Thus, not in vain, his grief he told.—

The ruler of the wat'ry space

Bestow'd a wondrous car of gold,

And tireless steeds of winged pace.—

So, victor in the deathful race,

He tam'd the strength of Pisa's king,

And, from his bride of beauteous face,

Beheld a stock of warriors spring,

Six valiant sons, as legends sing.—

And now, with fame and virtue crown'd,

Where Alpheus' stream, in wat'ry ring,

Encircles half his turfy mound,

He sleeps beneath the piled ground ;

Near that blest spot where strangers move

In many a long procession round

The altar of protecting Jove.—

Yet chief, in yonder lists of fame,

Survives the noble Pelops' name ;

Where strength of hands and nimble feet

In stern and dubious contest meet ;

And high renown and honey'd praise,
And following length of honour'd days,
The victor's weary toil repays.—

But what are past or future joys?—

The present is our own!—

And he is wise who best employs

The passing hour alone.—

To crown with knightly wreath the king,

(A grateful task,) be mine;—

And on the smooth Æolian string

To praise his ancient line!—

For ne'er shall wand'ring minstrel find

A chief so just,—a friend so kind;

With every grace of fortune blest;

The mightiest, wisest, bravest, best!—

God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds,

Have thee in charge, king Hiero!—so again

The Bard may sing thy horny-hoofed steeds

In frequent triumph o'er the Olympian plain!—

Nor shall the Bard awake a lowly strain,
His wild notes flinging o'er the Cronian steep;
Whose ready muse, and not invoked in vain,
For such high mark her strongest shaft shall keep.—

Each hath his proper eminence!—
To kings indulgent providence
(No farther search the will of Heaven,)
The glories of the earth hath given.—
Still may'st thou reign! enough for me
To dwell with heroes like to thee,
Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.—

II.

TO THERON OF AGRAGAS, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

O SONG! whose voice the harp obeys,
Accordant aye with answering string;
What god, what hero wilt thou praise,
What man of godlike prowess sing?—
Lo, Jove himself is Pisa's king;
And Jove's strong son the first to raise
The barriers of th' Olympic ring.—
And now, victorious on the wing
Of sounding wheels, our bards proclaim
The stranger Theron's honour'd name,
The flower of no ignoble race,
And prop of ancient Agragas!—

His patient sires, for many a year,
Where that blue river rolls its flood,

Mid fruitless war and civil blood

Essay'd their sacred home to rear.

Till time assign'd, in fatal hour,

Their native virtues, wealth and power ;

And made them from their low degree,

The eye of warlike Sicily.

And, may that power of ancient birth,

From Saturn sprung, and parent Earth,

Of tall Olympus' lord,

Who sees with still benignant eye

The games' long splendour sweeping by

His Alpheus' holy ford :—

Appeas'd with anthems chanted high,

To Theron's late posterity

A happier doom accord !—

Or good or ill, the past is gone,

Nor time himself, the parent one,

Can make the former deeds undone ;—

But who would these recal,—

When happier days would fain efface
The memory of each past disgrace,
And, from the gods, on Theron's race
Unbounded blessings fall?—

Example meet for such a song,
The sister queens of Laius' blood;
Who sorrow's edge endured long,
Made keener by remember'd good!—
Yet now, she breathes the air of Heaven
(On earth by smouldering thunder riven)

Long-haired Semele:—
To Pallas dear is she;—
Dear to the sire of gods, and dear
To him, her son, in dreadful glee
Who shakes the ivy-wreathed spear.—

And thus, they tell that deep below
The sounding ocean's ebb and flow,
Amid the daughters of the sea,

A sister nymph must Ino be,
And dwell in bliss eternally:—

But, ignorant and blind,
We little know the coming hour;
Or if the latter day shall low'r;
Or if to Nature's kindly power

Our life in peace resign'd,
Shall sink like fall of summer eve,
And on the face of darkness leave

A ruddy smile behind.—
For grief and joy with fitful gale
Our crazy bark by turns assail,

And, whence our blessings flow,
That same tremendous Providence
Will oft a varying doom dispense,
And lay the mighty low.—

To Theban Laius that befel,
Whose son, with murder dyed,
Fulfill'd the former oracle,
Unconscious parricide!—

Unconscious!—yet avenging hell
Pursu'd th' offender's stealthy pace,
And heavy, sure, and hard it fell,
The curse of blood, on all his race!—

Spar'd from their kindred strife,
The young Thersander's life,
Stern Polynices' heir, was left alone :

In every martial game,
And in the field of Fame,
For early force and matchless prowess known:—

Was left, the pride and prop to be
Of good Adrastus' pedigree.
And hence, through loins of ancient kings,
The warrior blood of Theron springs ;

Exalted name ! to whom belong
The minstrel's harp, the poet's song,
In fair Olympia crown'd ;
And where, 'mid Pythia's olives blue,
An equal lot his brother drew ;
And where his twice-twain coursers flew
The isthmus twelve times round.—

Such honour, earn'd by toil and care,

May best his ancient wrongs repair,

And wealth, unstain'd by pride,

May laugh at Fortune's fickle power,

And blameless in the tempting hour

Of syren ease abide:—

Led by that star of heavenly ray,

Which best may keep our darkling way

O'er life's unsteady tide!—

For, whoso holds in righteousness the throne,

He in his heart hath known

How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,

In chambers dark and dread,

Of nether earth abide, and penal flame :

Where he whom none may name,

Lays bare the soul by stern necessity ;

Seated in judgment high ;

The minister of God whose arm is there,

In heaven alike and hell, almighty every where !

But, ever bright, by day, by night,
Exulting in excess of light;
From labour free and long distress,
The good enjoy their happiness.—
No more the stubborn soil they cleave,
Nor stem for scanty food the wave;
But with the venerable gods they dwell:—
No tear bedims their thankful eye,
Nor mars their long tranquillity;
While those accursed howl in pangs unspeakable.—

But, who the thrice-renew'd probation
Of either world may well endure;
And keep with righteous destination
The soul from all transgression pure;
To such and such alone is given,
To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
To that tall city of almighty time,
Where Ocean's balmy breezes play,
And, flashing to the western day,

The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,
Now in the happy isles are seen
Sparkling through the groves of green ;
And now, all glorious to behold,
Tinge the wave with floating gold.—

Hence are their garlands woven—hence their hands
Fill'd with triumphal boughs ;—the righteous doom
Of Rhadamanthus, whom, o'er these his lands,
A blameless judge in every time to come,
Chronos, old Chronos, sire of gods hath placed ;
Who with his consort dear
Dread Rhea, reigneth here
On cloudy throne with deathless honour graced.—

And still, they say, in high communion,
Peleus and Cadmus here abide ;
And, with the blest in blessed union,
(Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied)
The daughter of the ancient sea
Hath brought her warrior boy to be ;

Him whose stern avenging blow
Laid the prop of Ilium low,
Hector, train'd to slaughter fell,
By all but him invincible;—
And sea-born Cynus tamed; and slew
Aurora's knight of Ethiop hue.—

Beneath my rattling belt I wear
A sheaf of arrows keen and clear,
Of vocal shafts, that wildly fly,
Nor ken the base their import high,
Yet to the wise they breathe no vulgar melody.
Yes, he is wise whom Nature's dower
Hath raised above the crowd.—
But, train'd in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power,
As daws who mark the eagle tower,
And croak in envy loud!—
So let them rail! but thou! my heart,
Rest on the bow thy levell'd dart;
Nor seek a worthier aim

For arrow sent on Friendship's wing,

Than him the Agragantine king

Who best thy song may claim.—

For, by eternal truth I swear,

His parent town shall scanty bear

A soul to every friend so dear,

A breast so void of blame ;

Though twenty lustres rolling round,

With rising youth her nation crown'd,

In heart, in hand, should none be found

Like Theron's honour'd name.—

Yes ! we have heard the factious lie !—

But let the babbling vulgar try

To blot his worth with tyranny.—

Seek thou the ocean strand !—

And when thy soul would fain record

The bounteous deeds of yonder lord,

Go—reckon up the sand !—

III.

TO THE SAME.

MAY my solemn strain ascending
Please the long-hair'd Helen well,
And those brave twins of Leda's shell
The stranger's holy cause defending!—
With whose high name the chorus blending
To ancient Agragas shall rise,
And Theron for the chariot prize
Again, and not in vain, contending.—
The muse, in numbers bold and high,
Hath taught my Dorian note to fly,
Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony.—

Yes!—as I fix mine eager view
On yonder wreath of paly blue,

That olive wreath, whose shady round
Amid the courser's mane is bound ;
I feel again the sacred glow
That bids my strain of rapture flow,
With shrilly breath of Spartan flute,
The many-voiced harp to suit ;
And wildly fling my numbers sweet,
Again mine ancient friend to greet.—

Nor, Pisa, thee I leave unsung ;
To men the parent of renown.
Amid whose shady ringlets strung,
Etolia binds her olive crown ;
Whose sapling root from Scythian down
And Ister's fount Alcides bare,
To deck his parent's hallow'd town ;
With placid brow and suppliant prayer
Soothing the favour'd northern seed,
Whose horny-hoofed victims bleed
To Phœbus of the flowing hair.

A boon from these the Hero pray'd :
One graft of that delightful tree ;
To Jove's high hill a welcome shade,
To men a blessed fruit to be,
And crown of future victory.—
For that fair moon, whose slender light
With inefficient horn had shone,
When late on Pisa's airy height
He rear'd to Jove the altar stone ;
Now, through the dappled air, alone,
In perfect ring of glory bright,
Guided her golden-wheeled throne ;
The broad and burning eye of night.—
And now the days were told aright,
When Alpheus, from his sandy source,
Should judge the champion's eager might,
And mark of wheels the rolling force.—
Nor yet a tree to cheer the sight
The Cronian vale of Pelops bore ;—
Obnoxious to the noonday weight

Of summer suns, a naked shore.—
But she who sways the silent sky,
Latona's own equestrian maid
Beheld how far Alcides stray'd,
Bound on adventure strange and high :
Forth from the glens of Arcady
To Istrian rocks in ice array'd
He urged th' interminable race,
(Such penance had Eurystheus laid,)
The golden-horned hind to chace,
Which, grateful for Diana's aid,
By her redeem'd from foul embrace,
Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.—
Thus, following where the quarry fled,
Beyond the biting North he past,
Beyond the regions of the blast,
And, all unknown to traveller's tread,
He saw the blessed land at last.—
He stopt, he gazed with new delight
When that stange verdure met his sight ;

And soft desire enflamed his soul
(Where twelve-times round the chariots roll,)
To plant with such the Pisan goal.

But now, unseen to mortal eyes,
He comes to Theron's sacrifice ;
And with him brings to banquet there
High bosom'd Leda's knightly pair.—
Himself to high Olympus bound,
To these a latest charge he gave,
A solemn annual feast to found,
And of contending heroes round
To deck the strong, the swift, the brave.—
Nor doubt I that on Theron's head,
And on the good Eumenides,
The sons of Jove their blessing shed ;
Whom still, with bounteous tables spread,
That holy tribe delight to please :
Observing with religious dread
The hospitable god's decrees.—

But, wide as water passeth earthy clay,
Or sun-bright gold transcendeth baser ore ;
Wide as from Greece to that remotest shore
Whose rock-built pillars own Alcides' sway ;
Thy fame hath past thine equals !—To explore
The further ocean all in vain essay,
Or fools or wise ;—here from thy perilous way
Cast anchor here, my bark ! I dare no more !—

IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

OH, urging on the tireless speed
Of Thunder's elemental steed,
Lord of the world, Almighty Jove!
Since these thine hours have sent me forth
The witness of thy champions' worth,
And prophet of thine olive grove;—
And since the good thy poet hear,
And hold his tuneful message dear;—
Saturnian Lord of Etna hill!—
Whose storm-cemented rocks encage
The hundred-headed rebel's rage;
Accept with favourable will
The Muses' gift of harmony;
The dance, the song, whose numbers high

Forbid the hero's name to die,

A crown of life abiding still!—

Hark! round the car of victory,

Where noble Psaumis sits on high,

The cheering notes resound;

Who vows to swell with added fame

His Camarina's ancient name;

With Pisan olive crown'd.—

And thou, oh father, hear his prayer!—

For much I praise the knightly care

That trains the warrior steed:—

Nor less the hospitable hall

Whose open doors the stranger call;—

Yet, praise I Psaumis most of all

For wise and peaceful rede,

And patriot love of liberty. —

—What?—do we weave the glozing lie?—

Then whoso list my truth to try,

The proof be in the deed!—

To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore,

Such was the proof Ernicus bore,

When, matchless in his speed,

All brazen-arm'd the racer hoar,

Victorious on the applauding shore,

Sprang to the proffer'd meed;—

Bow'd to the queen his wreathed head;—

“Thou seest my limbs are light,” he said;

“And, lady, mayst thou know,

That every joint is firmly strung,

And hand and heart alike are young;

Though treacherous time my locks among

Have strew'd a summer snow!”—

V.

TO THE SAME.

ACCEPT of these Olympian games the crown,
Daughter of Ocean, rushy Camarine! —
The flower of knightly worth and high renown,
Which ear-borne Psaumis on thy parent shrine,
(Psaumis, the patriot, whom thy peopled town
Its second author owns,) with rite divine
Suspends!—His praise the twice six altars tell
Of the great gods whom he hath feasted well
With blood of bull; the praise of victory,
Where cars and mules and steeds contest the prize:
And that green garland of renown to thee
He hallows, Virgin daughter of the sea!
And to his sire and household deities.—
Thee too, returning home from Pelops' land,

Thou guardian Pallas, and thy holy wood,
He hails with song; and cool Oanus flood;
And of his native pool the rushy strand;
And thy broad bed, refreshing Hipparis,
Whose silent waves the peopled city kiss;
That city which hath blest his bounteous hand

Rearing her goodly bowers on high.—

That now, redeem'd from late disgrace,
The wealthy mother of a countless race,
She lifts her front in shining majesty.—

'Tis ever thus! by toil, and pain,
And cumbrous cost we strive to gain
Some seeming prize whose issues lie
In darkness and futurity.

And yet, if conquest crown our aim,
Then, foremost in the rolls of fame,
Even from the envious herd a forced applause we claim.

O cloud-enthron'd, protecting Jove,
Who sits the Cronian cliffs above,

And Alpheus' ample wave,
And that dark gloom hast deign'd to love
Of Ida's holy cave!
On softest Lydian notes to thee
I tune the choral prayer,
That this thy town, the brave, the free,
The strong in virtuous energy,
May feel thine endless care.

And, Victor, thou, whose matchless might
The Pisan wreath hath bound;
Still, Psaumis, be thy chief delight
In generous coursers found.—
Calm be thy latter age, and late
And gently fall the stroke of fate,
Thy children standing round!—
And know, when favouring Gods have given
A green old age, a temper even,
And wealth and fame in store,
The task were vain to scale the heaven;—
—Have those immortals more?—

VI.

TO AGESIAS OF SYRACUSE.

WHO seeks a goodly bower to raise,
Conspicuous to the stranger's eye,
With gold the lintel overlays,
And clothes the porch in ivory.—

So bright, so bold, so wonderful,
The choicest themes of verse I cull,
To each high song a frontal high!—

But, lives there one, whose brows around
The green Olympian wreath is bound;
Prophet and priest in those abodes
Where Pisans laud the sire of gods;
And Syracuse's denizen?—

Who, 'mid the sons of mortal men,
While envy's self before his name
Abates her rage, may fitlier claim
Whate'er a bard may yield of fame?—

For sure, to no forbidden strife,
In hallowed Pisa's field of praise,
He came, the priest of blameless life!—
Nor who in peace hath past his days,
Marring with canker sloth his might,
May hope a name in standing fight
Nor in the hollow ship to raise!—

By toil, illustrious toil alone,
Of elder times the heroes shone ;
And, bought by like emprise, to thee,
Oh warrior priest, like honour be!—
Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him, the prophet chief of yore,
When, snatch'd from Thebes' accursed fight,
With steed and car and armour bright,
Down, down he sank to earthy night.—

When the fight was ended,
And the sevenfold pyres

All their funeral fires

In one sad lustre blended,

The leader of the host

Murmur'd mournfully,

“ I lament the eye

Of all mine army lost!—

To gods and mortals dear,

Either art he knew ;

Augur tried and true,

And strong to wield the spear!”—

And, by the powers divine,

Such praise is justly thine,

Oh Syracusian peer,—

For of a gentle blood thy race is sprung,

As she shall truly tell, the muse of honey'd tongue.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace,

And, Phintis, climb the car with me ;

For well they know the path to trace

Of yonder victor's pedigree!—

Unbar the gates of song, unbar!—

For we to-day must journey far,
To Sparta, and to Pitane.—

She, mournful nymph, and nursing long

Her silent pain and virgin wrong,

To Neptune's rape a daughter fair,

Evadne of the glossy hair,

(Dark as the violet's darkest shade,)

In solitary sorrow bare.

Then to her nurse the infant maid

She weeping gave, and bade convey

To high Phersana's hall away;

Where woman-grown, and doom'd to prove

In turn a god's disastrous love,

Her charms allured the Lord of day.—

Nor long the months, ere, fierce in pride,

The painful tokens of disgrace

Her foster-father sternly eyed,
Fruit of the furtive god's embrace.—
He spake not, but, with soul on flame,
He sought th' unknown offender's name,
At Phœbus' Pythian dwelling place.—

But she, beneath the greenwood spray,
Her zone of purple silk untied;
And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side;
While, in the solitary wood,
Lucina's self to aid her stood,
And fate a secret force supplied.—

But, who the mother's pang can tell,
As sad and slowly she withdrew,
And bade her babe a long farewell,
Laid on a bed of violets blue?—
When, ministers of Heaven's decree,
(Dire nurses they and strange to see,)

Two scaly snakes of azure hue
Watch'd o'er his helpless infancy,
And, rifled from the mountain bee,
Bare on their forky tongues a harmless honey dew.—

Swift roll the wheels! from Delphos home
Arcadia's car-borne chief is come:

But, ah, how chang'd his eye!—
His wrath is sunk, and past his pride,
“Where is Evadne's babe,” he cried,
“Child of the Deity?
“’Twas thus the augur god replied,
“Nor strove his noble seed to hide;
“And to his favoured boy, beside,
“The gift of prophecy,
“And power beyond the sons of men
“The secret things of fate to ken,
“His blessing will supply.”—

But, vainly, from his liegemen round,

He sought the noble child ;
Who, naked on the grassy ground,
And nurtur'd in the wild,
Was moisten'd with the sparkling dew
Beneath his hawthorn bower ;
Where morn her watry radiance threw
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet flower.—

From that dark bed of breathing bloom
His mother gave his name ;
And Iämus, through years to come,
Will live in lasting fame ;
Who, when the blossom of his days,
Had ripen'd on the tree,
From forth the brink where Alpheus strays,
Invok'd the god whose sceptre sways
The hoarse resounding sea ;
And, whom the Delian isle obeys,
The archer deity.—

Alone amid the nightly shade,
Beneath the naked heaven he pray'd,
And sire and grandsire call'd to aid;
When lo, a voice that loud and dread
Burst from the horizon free;
“ Hither !” it spake, “ to Pisa’s shore !
“ My voice, oh son, shall go before,
“ Beloved, follow me !”

So, in the visions of his sire, he went
Where Cronium’s scarr’d and barren brow
Was red with morning’s earliest glow
Though darkness wrapt the nether element,—
There, in a lone and craggy dell,
A double spirit on him fell,
Th’ unlying voice of birds to tell,
And, (when Alcmena’s son should found
The holy games in Elis crown’d,)
By Jove’s high altar evermore to dwell,
Prophet and priest !—From him descend

The fathers of our valiant friend,
Wealthy alike and just and wise,
Who trod the plain and open way;
And who is he that dared despise
With galling taunt the Cronian prize,
Or their illustrious toil gainsay,
Whose chariots whirling twelve times round
With burning wheels th' Olympian ground
Have gilt their brow with glory's ray?
For, not the steams of sacrifice
From cool Cyllene's height of snow,
Nor vainly from thy kindred rise
The heaven-appeasing litanies
To Hermes, who, to men below,
Or gives the garland or denies:—
By whose high aid, Agesias, know,
And his, the thunderer of the skies,
The olive wreath hath bound thy brow!—

Arcadian! Yes, a warmer zeal

Shall whet my tongue thy praise to tell!

I feel the sympathetic flame

Of kindred love;—a Theban I,

Whose parent nymph from Arcady

(Metope's daughter, Thebe) came.—

Dear fountain goddess, warrior maid,

By whose pure rills my youth hath play'd;

Who now assembled Greece among,

To car-borne chiefs and warriors strong,

Have wove the many-colour'd song.—

Then, minstrel! bid thy chorus rise

To Juno, queen of deities,

Parthenian lady of the skies!

For, live there yet who dare defame

With sordid mirth our country's name;

Who tax with scorn our ancient line,

And call the brave Bœotians swine;—

Yet, Æneas, sure thy numbers high

May charm their brutish enmity;

Dear herald of the holy muse,
And, teeming with Parnassian dew,
Cup of untasted harmony!—
That strain once more!—The chorus raise
To Syracuse's wealthy praise,
And his the lord whose happy reign
Controuls Trinacria's ample plain,
Hiero, the just, the wise,
Whose steamy offerings rise
To Jove, to Ceres, and that darling maid,
Whom, rapt in chariot bright,
And horses silver-white,
Down to his dusky bower the lord of hell convey'd!

Oft hath he heard the Muses' string resound
His honour'd name; and may his latter days,
With wealth and worth, and minstrel garlands crown'd,
Mark with no envious ear a subject praise,
Who now from fair Arcadia's forest wide
To Syracuse, homeward, from his home

Returns, a common care, a common pride,—
(And, whoso darkling braves the ocean's foam,
May safeliest moor'd with twofold anchor ride ;)
Arcadia, Sicily, on either side
Guard him with prayer ;—and thou who rulest the deep,
Fair Amphitrite's lord ! in safety keep
His tossing keel,—and evermore to me
No meaner theme assign of poesy !

L I N E S

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION

AS CHANCELLOR.



YE viewless guardians of these sacred shades,
Dear dreams of early song, Aonian maids!—
And you, illustrious dead! whose spirits speak
In each warm flush that tints the student's cheek,
As, wearied with the world, he seeks again
The page of better times and greater men;
If with pure worship we your steps pursue,
And youth, and health, and rest forget for you,
(Whom most we serve, to whom our lamp burns bright
Through the long toils of not ingrateful night,)

Yet, yet be present!—Let the worldly train
Mock our cheap joys, and hate our useless strain,
Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear
The fleece Iberian or the pamper'd steer;—
Let sterner science with unwearied eye
Explore the circling spheres and map the sky;
His long-drawn mole let lordly commerce scan,
And of his iron arch the rainbow span:
Yet, while, in burning characters imprest,
The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast;
Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,
Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,
And in warm feeling from the storied page
Arise the saint, the hero, or the sage;
Such be our toil!—Nor doubt we to explore
The thorny maze of dialectic lore,
To climb the chariot of the gods, or scan
The secret workings of the soul of man;
Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,
Or the slow pinion of the Stagyrityte.—

And, those grey spoils of Herculean pride,
If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide;—
If Padua's sage be there, or art have power
To wake Menander from his secret bower.
Such be our toil!—Nor vain the labour proves,
Which Oxford honours, and which Grenville loves!
—On, eloquent and firm!—whose warning high
Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,
When, like those brethren stars to seamen known,
In kindred splendour Pitt and Grenville shone;—
On in thy glorious course! not yet the wave
Has ceas'd to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to rave.
Go on! and oh, while adverse factions raise
To thy pure worth involuntary praise;
While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,
And from thy counsels date their happiness;
Say, (for thine Isis yet recalls with pride
Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side,)
Say, hast thou scorn'd, mid pomp, and wealth, and power,
The sober transports of a studious hour?—

No, statesman, no!—thy patriot fire was fed
 From the warm embers of the mighty dead;
 And thy strong spirit's patient grasp combin'd
 The souls of ages in a single mind.—
 —By arts like these, amidst a world of foes,
 Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose;—
 Thus, last and best of Romans, Brutus shone;—
 Our Somers thus, and thus our Clarendon;
 Such Cobham was;—such, Grenville, long be thou,
 Our boast before,—our chief and champion now!—

EPITAPH

ON A

YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER.

DESIGNED FOR A TOMB IN A SEAPORT TOWN IN NORTH WALES.



SAILOR! if vigour nerve thy frame,

If to high deeds thy soul is strung,

Revere this stone that gives to fame

The brave, the virtuous, and the young!—

For manly beauty deck'd his form,

His bright eye beam'd with mental power;

Resistless as the winter storm,

Yet mild as summer's mildest shower.—

In war's hoarse rage, in ocean's strife,
For skill, for force, for mercy known;
Still prompt to shield a comrade's life,
And greatly careless of his own.—

Yet, youthful seaman, mourn not thou
The fate these artless lines recal;
No, Cambrian, no, be thine the vow,
Like him to live, like him to fall!—

But hast thou known a father's care,
Who sorrowing sent thee forth to sea;
Pour'd for thy weal th' unceasing prayer,
And thought the sleepless night on thee?—

Has e'er thy tender fancy flown,
When winds were strong and waves were high,
Where listening to the tempest's moan,
Thy sisters heav'd the anxious sigh?

Or, in the darkest hour of dread,
Mid war's wild din, and ocean's swell,
Hast mourn'd a hero brother dead,
And did that brother love thee well?—

Then pity those whose sorrows flow
In vain o'er Shipley's empty grave!—
—Sailor, thou weep'st:—Indulge thy woe;
Such tears will not disgrace the brave!—

NOTES.

NOTES ON PALESTINE.

P. 4. l. 4.

Folds his dank wing.

ALLUDING to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17.

“ κνώσσων ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ.”

P. 4. l. 5.

Ye warrior sons of Heaven.

Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Huds. vi. p. 1282. et alibi passim.

P. 4. l. 8.

Sion's towery steep.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. “The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the hill of Bashan.”

P. 4. l. 14.

Mysterious harpings.

See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

P. 5. l. 1.

Then should my Muse.

Common practice, and the authority of Milton, seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

P. 5. l. 8.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate.

Matt. xxiii. 38.

P. 5. l. 13.

The scer.

Moses.

P. 5. l. 18.

Almotana's tide.

Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

P. 6. l. 2.

The robber riots, or the hermit prays.

The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, passim.

P. 6. l. 6.

Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold.

The untameable spirit, feudal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a small volume on their history; Paris, 1763, 12mo.

P. 6. l. 11.

Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear.

“ The Turkish sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane.” Sir W. Jones's first Disc. to the Asiatic Society.

P. 6. l. 20.

Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold.

The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

P. 7. l. 6.

And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows.

In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

P. 7. l. 18.

Arabia's parent.

Hagar.

P. 8. l. 7.

The guarded fountains shine.

The watering places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

P. 8. l. 8.

Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine !

See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vales.

P. 8. l. 13.

*Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.*

“Thine eye shall not spare them.”

P. 8. l. 18.

Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice.

A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

P. 9. l. 8.

And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source.

Psalm cxiv.

P. 9. l. 11.

*To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine!*

See Psalm lxxx. 8—14.

P. 10. l. 10.

The harness'd Amorite.

Joshua x.

P. 11. l. 2.

Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.
Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

P. 11. l. 10.

The mighty master of the iv'ry throne.

Solomon. Ophir is by most geographers placed in the Aurea Chersonesus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

P. 11. l. 16.

Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd.

The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

P. 12. l. 4.

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Palmyra ("Tadmor in the Desert") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek, and the various Travels into the East, more particularly Chardin's, in which, after a minute and interesting description of the majestic ruins of Estakhar, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, an account follows of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. Ed. Amst. 1735, 4to. Vide also Sale's Koran; D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. (article Solimon Ben Daoud); and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, passim.

P. 12. l. 8.

Houseless Santon.

It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or ruins.

P. 12. l. 14.

How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

Numbers xxiv. 5.

P. 12. l. 15.

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore.

Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

P. 12. l. 16.

And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore.

An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold mines.

P. 13. l. 6.

The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.

Psalm xxiv. 7.

P. 13. l. 7.

No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung.

“There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron,
“heard in the house while it was in building.” 1 Kings vi. 7.

P. 13. l. 12.

View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.

“And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came
“down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed
“themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pave-
“ment, and worshipped.” 2 Chron. vii. 3.

P. 13. l. 14.

Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.

Psalm cxxiv. 4.

P. 15. l. 20.

Weep for your country, for your children weep !

Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

P. 16. l. 12.

And the pale parent drank her children's gore.

Joseph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Huds.

P. 17. l. 8.

The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride.

The Roman notions of humanity cannot have been very exalted when they ascribed so large a share to Titus. For the horrible details of his conduct during the siege of Jerusalem and after its capture, the reader is referred to Josephus. When we learn that so many captives were crucified, that διὰ τὸ πλῆθος χώρα τε ἐνελείπετο τοῖς σταυροῖς καὶ σταυροὶ τοῖς σώμασιν ; and that after all was over, in cold blood and merriment, he celebrated his brother's birth-day with similar sacrifices ; we can hardly doubt as to the nature of that untold crime, which disturbed the dying moments of the “ darling of the human race.” After all, the cruelties of this man are probably softened in the high priest's narrative. The fall of Jerusalem nearly resembles that of Zaragoza, but it is a Morla who tells the tale.

P. 18. l. 13.

Yon pompous shrine.

The Temple of the Sepulchre.

P. 18. l. 14.

And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.

See Cotovicius, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

P. 18. l. 18.

The British queen.

St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

P. 19. l. 2.

And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword.

The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

P. 19. l. 6.

The wand'ring hermit wak'd the storm of war.

Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of phrenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must, however, recollect, that had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power; and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

P. 19. l. 11.

*While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.*

See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthé, liv. i.

P. 19. l. 16.

Tabaria's stream.

Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

P. 20. l. 2.

By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led.

Brennus, and Tamerlane.

P. 20. l. 5.

There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance.

The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army; once by refusing to serve under Richard Cœur de Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's History of the Turks.

P. 20. l. 6.

Form the long line.

The line (*combat à la haye*), according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Créçi were drawn up thirty deep.

P. 20. l. 16.

Whose giant force Britannia's armies led.

All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi sagittarii ed hanno

Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo,

Questi da l'alte selve irsuti manda

La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.

Tasso, Gierusal. lib. i. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were synonymous.

P. 20. l. 19.

Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear.

The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's Hist. of Ancient Poetry.

P. 22. l. 16.

And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.

Psalm ii. 3. cvii. 16.

P. 22. l. 17.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring.

“ I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more the reproach of famine among the heathen.”—“ And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden,” &c. Ezek. xxxvi.

P. 23. l. 5.

Courts the bright vision of descending power.

“ That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God.” Rev. xxi. 10.

P. 23. l. 6.

Tells every gate, and measures every tower.

Ezekiel xl.

P. 23. l. 9.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form.

Revelations x.

P. 23. l. 18.

Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there.

Revelations xx.

P. 24. l. 2.

God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.

“ And I saw no temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty
“ and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no
“ need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the
“ glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light there-
“ of.” Rev. xxi. 22.

P. 24. l. 6.

And the dry bones be warm with life again.

“ Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, ‘ Behold, I
“ will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live.’—
“ Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole
“ house of Israel.” Ezek. xxxvii.

NOTES ON EUROPE.

P. 27. l. 6.

In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.

THE opening lines of this poem were really composed in the situation (the Park of Dresden), and under the influence of the feelings which they attempt to describe. The disastrous issue of King Frederick's campaign took away from the author all inclination to continue them, and they remained neglected till the hopes of Europe were again revived by the illustrious efforts of the Spanish people.

P. 28. l. 14.

Pratzen's hill.

The hill of Pratzen was the point most obstinately contested in the great battle which has taken its name from the neighbouring town of Austerlitz; and here the most dreadful slaughter took place, both of French and Russians. The author had, a few weeks before he wrote the above, visited every part of this celebrated field.

P. 28. l. 20.

And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled crest.

It is necessary perhaps to mention, that, by freedom, in this and in other passages of the present poem, political liberty is

understood, in opposition to the usurpation of any single European state. In the particular instance of Spain, however, it is a hope which the author has not yet seen reason to abandon, that a struggle so nobly maintained by popular energy, must terminate in the establishment not only of national independence, but of civil and religious liberty.

P. 29. l. 11.

Gallia's vaunting train.

The confidence and shameful luxury of the French nobles, during the seven years' war, are very sarcastically noticed by Templeman.

P. 33. l. 12.

Where youthful Lewis led.

Prince Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, who fell gloriously with almost the whole of his regiment.

P. 33. l. 15.

By her whose charms, &c.

The Queen of Prussia; beautiful, unfortunate, and unsubdued by the severest reverses.

P. 34. l. 6.

The covering cherub, &c.

"Thou art the anointed cherub that coverest."—Addressed to Tyre, by Ezekiel, xxviii. 14.

P. 40. l. 10.

Inez' grave.

Inez de Castro, the beloved mistress of the Infant Don Pedro, son of Alphonso IV. King of Portugal, and stabbed by

the orders, and, according to Camoëns, in the presence of that monarch. A fountain near Coimbra, the scene of their loves and misfortunes, is still pointed out by tradition, and called Amores.—De la Clede, Hist. de Portugalle, 4to. tom. i. page 282—7 :—and Camoëns' Lusiad, canto 3, stanza cxxxv.

P. 40. l. 11.

—Who dar'd the first withstand

The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land.

The Asturians, who under Pelagius first opposed the career of Mahometan success.

P. 40. l. 14.

Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia.

“ La couronne de fer de Dom Pélage,—cette couronne si
 “ simple mais si glorieuse, dont chaque fleuron est formé du
 “ fer d’une lance arrachée aux Chevaliers Maures que ce heros
 “ avoit faits tomber sous ses coups.” Roman de Dom Ursino
 le Navarin, Tressan, tom. ix. 52.

P. 41. l. 16.

Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time.

See the two elegant specimens given by Bishop Percy in his Reliques; and the more accurate translations of Mr. Rodd, in his Civil Wars of Grenada.

P. 41. l. 17.

Him in Xeres' carnage fearless found.

The Gothic monarchy in Spain was overthrown by the Mussulmans at the battle of Xeres, the Christian army being defeated with dreadful slaughter, and the death of their king,

the unhappy and licentious Roderigo. Pelagius assembled the small band of those fugitives who despised submission, amid the mountains of the Asturias, under the name of King of Oviedo.

P. 41. l. 19.

Of that chaste king, &c.

Alonso, surnamed the Chaste, with ample reason, if we believe his historians : who defeated, according to the Spanish romances, and the graver authority of Mariana, the whole force of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, at Roncesvalles. Bertrand del Carpio, the son of Alonso's sister, Ximena, was his general ; and according to Don Quixote (no incompetent authority on such a subject) put the celebrated Orlando to the same death as Hercules inflicted on Antæus. His reason was, that the nephew of Charlemagne was enchanted, and, like Achilles, only vulnerable in the heel, to guard which he wore always iron shoes.—See Mariana, l. vii. c. xi. ; Don Quixote, book i. c. i. ; and the notes on Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid ; a work replete with powerful description, and knowledge of ancient history and manners, and which adds a new wreath to one, who “ nullum fere scribendi genus intactum reliquit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.”

P. 42. l. 1.

Chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall, &c.

Rodrigo Diaz, of Bivar, surnamed the Cid by the Moors.—See Mr. Southey's Chronicle.

P. 42. l. 8.

Red Buraba's field, and Lugo—

Buraba and Lugo were renowned scenes of Spanish victories over the Moors, in the reigns of Bermudo, or, as his name is Latinized, Veremundus, and Alonso the Chaste. Of Lugo the British have since obtained a melancholy knowledge.

P. 42. l. 18.

Tlascala.

An extensive district of Mexico : its inhabitants were the first Indians who submitted to the Spaniards under Cortez.

P. 43. l. 1.

Her captive king.

Francis I. taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.

P. 43. l. 11.

Yon Bætic skies.

Andalusia forms a part of the ancient Hispania Bætica.

P. 44. l. 20.

Roncesvalles' vale.

See the former note on Alonso the Chaste.

P. 46. l. 4.

The pois'd balance, trembling still with fate.

This line is imitated from one in Mr. Roscoe's spirited verses on the commencement of the French revolution.

P. 46. l. 12.

Numbers numberless.

“ He look'd and saw what numbers numberless.”

Milton, *Paradise Regained*.

P. 47. l. 10.

One Saguntum.

The ancient siege of Saguntum has been now rivalled by Zaragoza. The author is happy to refer his readers to the interesting narrative of his friend, Mr. Vaughan.

P. 47. l. 15.

Bethulia's matron.

Judith.

P. 48. l. 6.

Who treads the wine-press of the world alone.

“ I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people
“ there was none with me, for I will tread them in mine anger,
“ and trample them in my fury.”—Isaiah lxiii. 3.

NOTES ON THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

P. 55. l. 20.

Siwah. Oasis. Sennaar.—Meroe.

P. 56. l. 4.

Shangalla.

The black tribes, whom Bruce considers as the aboriginal Nubians, are so called. For their gigantic stature, and their custom of ornamenting themselves and their houses with the spoils of the elephant, see the account he gives of the person and residence of one of their chiefs, whom he visited on his departure from Ras el Feel.

P. 56. l. 9.

Emeralds.

The emerald, or whatever the ancients dignified by the name of smaragdus, is said to have been found in great quantities in the mountain now called Gebel Zumrud (the mount of emeralds.)

P. 59. l. 17.

Elim's well.

It is interesting to observe with what pleasure and minuteness Moses, amid the Arabian wilderness, enumerates the "twelve wells of water," and the "threescore and ten palm-trees," of Elim.

NOTES ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

P. 68. l. 10.

The fourth, with that tormented three.

THE three were Sisyphus, Tityus, and Ixion. The author of the *Odyssey*, or, at least, of that passage which describes the punishments of Tantalus, assigns him an eternity of hunger, thirst, and disappointment. Which of these opinions is most ancient, is neither very easy nor very material to decide. The impending rock of Pindar is perhaps a less appropriate, but surely a more picturesque mode of punishment.

P. 69. l. 6.

Car-borne Pisa's royal maid.

Ænomaus king of Pisa had promised his daughter, the heiress of his states, in marriage to any warrior who should excel him in the chariot race, on condition, however, that the candidates should stake their lives on the issue. Thirteen had essayed and perished before Pelops.

P. 71. l. 13.

Sleeps beneath the piled ground.

Like all other very early tombs, the monument of Pelops was a barrow or earthen mound. I know not whether it may

still be traced. The spot is very accurately pointed out, and such works are not easily obliterated.

P. 72. l. 17.

God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds.

The solemnity of this prayer contrasted with its object, that Hiero might again succeed in the chariot race, is ridiculous to modern ears. I do not indeed believe that the Olympic and other games had so much importance attached to them by the statesmen and warriors of Greece, as is pretended by the sophists of later ages; but where the manners are most simple, public exhibitions, it should be remembered, are always most highly estimated, and religious prejudice combined with the ostentation of wealth to give distinction to the Olympic contests.

P. 74. l. 11.

The flower of no ignoble race.

Theron was a descendant of Œdipus, and consequently of Cadmus. His family had, through a long line of ancestors, been remarkable, both in Greece and Sicily, for misfortune; and he was himself unpopular with his subjects and engaged in civil war. Allusions to these circumstances often occur in the present ode.

P. 79. l. 16.

—*He whom none may name.*

In the original “*τις*,” “a certain nameless person.” The ancients were often scrupulous about pronouncing the names of their gods, particularly those who presided over the region of future hopes and fears; a scruple corresponding with the

Rabbinical notions of the ineffable word. The pictures which follow present a striking discrepancy to the mythology of Homer, and of the general herd of Grecian poets, whose Zeus is as far inferior to the one supreme divinity of Pindar, as the religion of Pindar himself falls short of the clearness and majesty of Revelation. The connection of these Eleusinian doctrines with those of Hindûstan, is in many points sufficiently striking. Southey and Pindar might seem to have drunk at the same source.

P. 81. l. 18.

Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied.

I know not why, except for his brutality to the body of Hector, Achilles is admitted with so much difficulty into the islands of the blessed. That this was considered in the time of Pindar as sufficient to exclude him without particular intercession, shews at least that a great advance had been made in moral feeling since the days of Homer.

P. 82. l. 14.

—*Train'd in study's formal hour,*

There are who hate the minstrel's power.

It was not likely that Pindar's peculiarities should escape criticism, nor was his temper such as to bear it with a very even mind. He treats his rivals and assailants with at least a sufficient portion of disdain, as servile adherents to rule, and mere students without genius. Some of their sarcasms passed, however, into proverbs. “*Διὸς Κροτύλος*,” an expression in ridicule of Pindar's perpetual recurrence to mythology and antiquities, is preserved in the Phædon; while his occasional

mention of himself and his own necessities, is parodied by Aristophanes. I cannot but hope, however, that the usual conduct of Pindar himself, was less obtrusive and importunate than that of the Dithyrambic poet who intrudes on the festival of Nephelocoggugia, like the Gaelic bard in "Christ's kirk o' the green."

P. 85. l. 13.

*Whose sapling root from Scythian down
And Ister's fount Alcides bare.*

There seems to have been in all countries a disposition to place a region of peculiar happiness and fertility among inaccessible mountains, and at the source of their principal rivers. Perhaps indeed the Mount Meru of Hindûstan, the blameless Ethiopians at the head of the Nile, and the happy Hyperborean regions at the source of the Ister, are only copies of the garden and river of God in Eden. Some truth is undoubtedly mixed with the tradition here preserved by Pindar. The olive was not indigenous in Greece, and its first specimens were planted near Pisa. That they ascribed its introduction to their universal hero Hercules, and derived its stock from the land of the blessed, need not be wondered at by those who know the importance of such a present. The Hyperborean or Atlantic region, which continually receded in proportion as Europe was explored, still seems to have kept its ground in the fancies of the vulgar, under the names of the island of St. Brandan, of Flath Innis, or the fortunate land of Cockayne, till the discovery of America peopled the western ocean with something less illusive.

P. 87. l. 13.

Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.

Taygeta.

P. 92. l. 1.

*To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore,**Such was the proof Ernicus bore.*

Ernicus was one of the Argonauts, who distinguished himself in the games celebrated at Lemnos by its hospitable queen Hypsipile, as victor in the foot-race of men clothed in armour. He was prematurely grey-headed, and therefore derided by the Lemnian women before he had given this proof of his vigour. It is not impossible that Psaumis had the same singularity of appearance.

There is a sort of playfulness in this ode, which would make us suspect that Pindar had no very sincere respect for the character of Psaumis. Perhaps he gave offence by it; for the following poem to the same champion is in a very different style.

P. 94. l. 7.

Rearing her goodly towers on high.

Camarina had been lately destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a great measure by the liberality of Psaumis.

P. 97. l. 12.

*Such praise as good Adrastus bore**To him, the prophet chief.—*

The prophet chief is Amphiaraus, who was swallowed up by the Earth before the attack of Polynices and his allies on Thebes, either because the gods determined to rescue his vir-

tues from the stain of that odious conflict; or, according to the sagacious Lydgate, because, being a sorcerer and a pagan “byshoppe,” the time of his compact was expired, and the infernal powers laid claim to him.

P. 98. l. 18.

*Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
And, Phintis, climb the car with me.*

Agesias had been victor in the Apene or chariot drawn by mules; Phintis was, probably, his charioteer.

P. 100. l. 8.

*And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side.*

I venture in the present instance to translate “*κάλπις*,” a clasp, because it was undoubtedly used for the stud or buckle to a horse’s bit, as “*καλπάζειν*” signifies to run by a horse’s side, holding the bridle. The “*κάλυξ*,” too, appended to the belt of Hercules, which he left with his Scythian mistress, should seem, from the manner in which Herodotus mentions it, to have been a clasp or stud, nor can I in the present passage understand why the pregnant Evadne should encumber herself with a water-pot, or why the water-pot and zone should be mentioned as laid aside at the same time. But the round and cup-like form of an antique clasp may well account for such names being applied to it.

P. 104. l. 11.

Cool Cyllene’s height of snow.

Cyllene was a mountain in Arcadia, dedicated to Mercury.

P. 105. l. 11.

*Then, minstrel ! bid thy chorus rise**To Juno, queen of deities.*

Such passages as this appear to prove, first, that the Odes of Pindar, instead of being danced and chaunted by a chorus of hired musicians and actors, in the absurd and impossible manner pretended by the later Grecian writers (whose ignorance respecting their own antiquities is in many instances apparent,) were recited by the poet himself sitting, (his iron chair was long preserved at Delphos,) and accompanied by one or more musicians, such as the Theban Æneas whom he here compliments. Secondly, what will account at once for the inequalities of his style and the rapidity of his transitions, we may infer that the Dircean swan was, often at least, an “improvisatore.” I know not the origin of the Bæotian agnomen of swine. In later times we find their region called “vervecum patria.”

P. 106. l. 18.

Mark with no envious ear a subject praise.

Either the poet was led by his vanity to ascribe a greater consequence to his verses than they really possessed, when he supposes that the praise of Agesias may move his sovereign to jealousy; or we may infer from this little circumstance, that the importance attached to the Olympic prize has not been so greatly overrated by poets and antiquaries, and that it was indeed “a gift more valuable than a hundred trophies.”

NOTE ON LINES ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION.

P. 108. l. 1.

Ye viewless guardians of these sacred shades.

THESE lines were spoken (as is the custom of the University on the installation of a new chancellor,) by a young nobleman, whose diffidence induced him to content himself with the composition of another. Of this diffidence his friends have reason to complain, as it suppressed some elegant lines of his own on the same occasion.

NOTE ON AN EPITAPH ON A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER.

P. 112. l. 4.

The brave, the virtuous, and the young.

CAPTAIN CONWAY SHIPLEY, third son to the dean of St. Asaph, perished in an attempt to cut out an enemy's vessel

from the Tagus with the boats of his Majesty's frigate *La Nympe*, April 22, 1808, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and after nearly sixteen years of active service; distinguished by every quality both of heart and head which could adorn a man or an officer. Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, and the captains of his fleet, have since erected a monument to his memory in the neighbourhood of Fort St. Julian.

THE END.

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